

NUMBER ONE/

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# HORSESHIT

THE OFFENSIVE REVIEW



ATTACK! 



Some time ago, two young men, brothers named Bob and Tom Dunker, decided that there was a real need for a magazine that would combine strong, fearless, humorous drawings with witty, intelligent, outspoken writing. \* Since Bob was an artist and Tom a writer, it seemed a natural for them to collaborate on putting out just such a magazine. \* So they went to work. \* It took much longer than they had imagined but gradually they put together their best work, rigorously discarding everything that failed to come up to their high standards. \* When they were through, they looked at the magazine they had created and said — Awww, Horseshit! \* So there's still a need for a magazine that combines strong, fearless . . . Oh, you know the rest. \* \* \* There are people who ask, "What sort of men would put out a magazine called Horseshit? Horses' asses, obviously, but what kind of horses' asses?" \* The answer is that it takes a special kind of person to do anything so ill-advised. \* They have to be so unreasonable as to want to put out such a magazine. \* They have to be unmarried so they can do what they want without asking permission. \* They have to have a passionate belief in their own ideas and they also have to be skeptical about their own ideas. \* They have to be nuts. \* \* \* Whatever its merits, this magazine contains the honest views and beliefs of the writer and artist involved. \* This is pretty rare. \* Remember that when you read an ordinary magazine, you are reading what some writer thinks you will want to read, not his own opinions. \* What's more, his writing is liable to be changed by various editors who worry about their publishers, and their advertisers, and the self-appointed censors. \* Horseshit doesn't have this problem. \* It is the work of men, not the product of a committee.



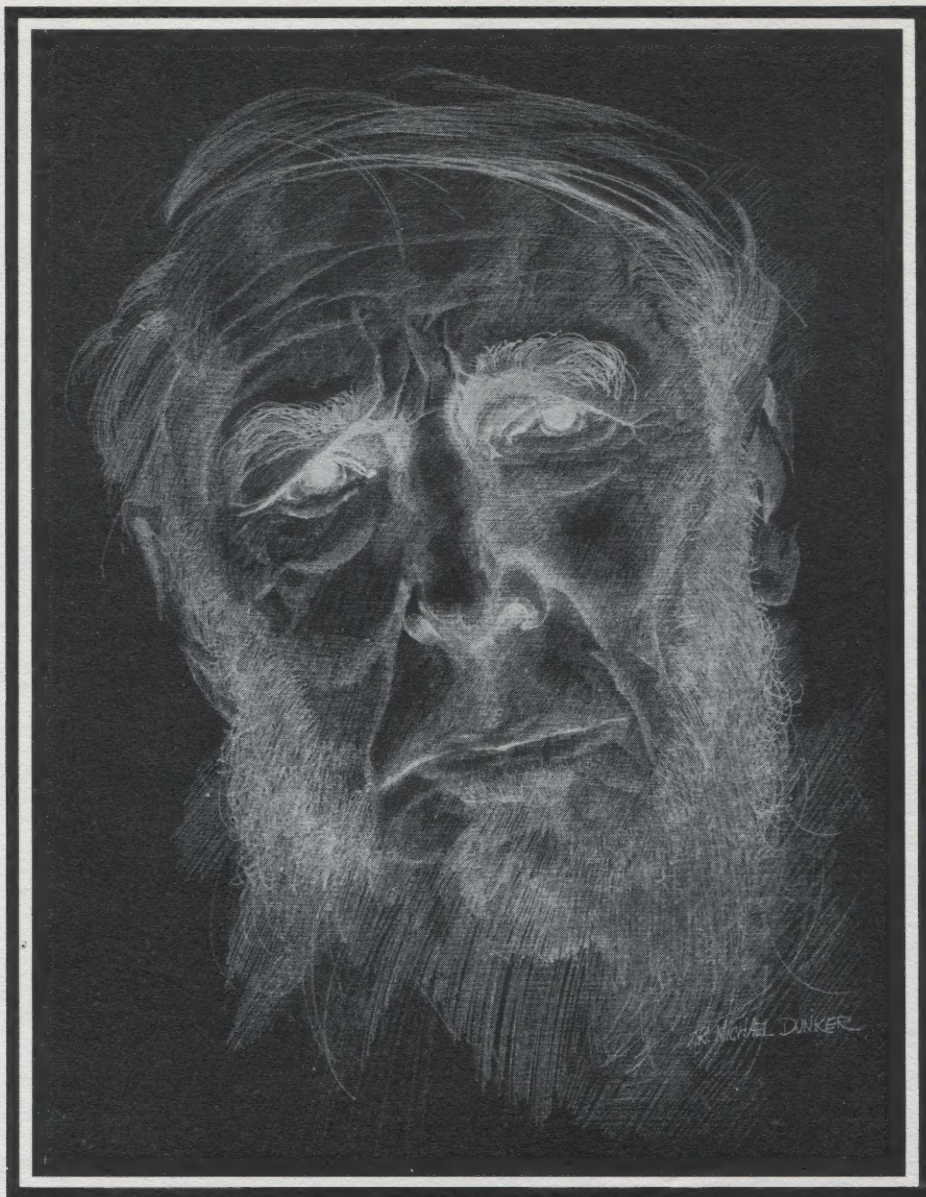
**HORSESHIT**  
A DOWN TO EARTH MAGAZINE



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We are all blind from birth or at least from so early in our childhood that we can no longer remember when we once could see. Any fool should be aware that some day he will be old—old and drooling and pissing in his pants. And yet, who really believes it will happen to him?

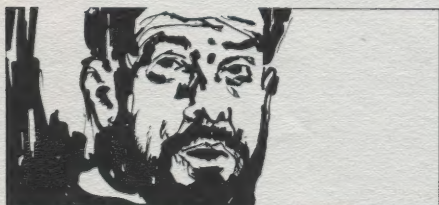
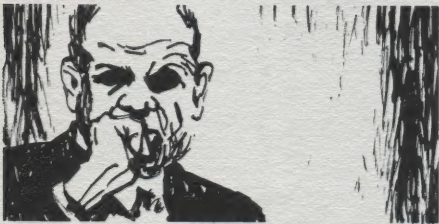
No, somehow we are convinced that on some future date when we are still in possession of all our faculties, such as they are, time will be stopped and none of us will get any older. Blind we live and gladly would we be blinder.

Now in these pages you will see us making fools of ourselves—not deliberately, you understand, not playing the clown but being foolish as most men are when they try to see. The sight of the two of us earnestly swatting at flies while the flood waters rise past our knees may make you laugh. That's all right; we have to laugh at it all ourselves. Some of you won't laugh, you'll get mad. That's good. That means that our foolishness has reminded you of your own. Get as mad as you like, we don't care. We want your attention, not your approval.

If you are shocked by our graphic drawings and blunt words, then you are only admitting that your own fascination with such things upsets you, for no one is forcing you to read any of this. Read or don't read, just as you like, but if you do go on, don't blame your problems on us.

Since we have at best only partial vision, we can hardly give sight to others. But blind and unfeeling as we are, still we can tell when the rising waters reach a certain point. This magazine is our yell of shock and dismay. What about you? Do you feel the cold water reaching your groin?





### *A dialogue in which three characters - herein called Bob, Tom, and*

TOM: Has anybody got any ideas for naming the magazine?

BOB: I was thinking about calling it The Trumpet.

GORDON: The Strumpet?

BOB: No, The Trumpet or we could have The Strumpet's Trumpet.

TOM: How about the Harlot's Herald?

BOB: The Whore's Home Companion?

GORDON: Right, a magazine designed to be read in the parlors of whorehouses while waiting your turn to go upstairs.

TOM: We could print it on toweling and the girls could use it and get a little contact with literature that way.

GORDON: Everybody will be trying to get a list of all our subscribers.

BOB: They'll get screwed if they do.

TOM: How about naming it the Contraceptive? We could print it on real thin rubber . . .

GORDON: Or call it the Condom. It's filled with sex so a girl can read it and get a thrill but without any danger.

BOB: It's no good, you can't send Contraceptives through the mail.

GORDON: How about through the female?

(This question is met with the contumely it deserves)

BOB: Back to the name for the paper.

TOM: The contents will be sort of the opposite of what's in the popular magazines, so instead of Woman's Day we could call it Woman's Night.

GORDON: How about instead of Show, we have Screw?

BOB: We could call it Carper's Bizarre.

TOM: Instead of Life—Death?

BOB: No pictures, huh?

GORDON: Instead of Look — Watch, the magazine for voyeurs.

TOM: Clap?

GORDON: That's a drippy name.

BOB: Yeah, nobody'll applaud

that name.

GORDON: The John?

TOM: We've tried to cover that end.

GORDON: Prick—to stimulate your imagination?

TOM: You're just going to aim it at women readers?

GORDON: It aims **itself** at women whether they're readers or not.

BOB: Washington's Monument? Martha loved it.

GORDON: Urine?

BOB: You're out.

TOM: Let's get serious here. How about calling it The Hermosa Rag?

GORDON: What are you going to do? Print it on sanitary napkins?

BOB: I suppose the paper will be a monthly?

GORDON: Yes, and a bloody fine sheet it'll be, too.

TOM: Well, we could name it The Curse?

GORDON: Sure, at the newsstand you ask the old gal, "Pardon me, Lady, do you have The Curse?" and she says, "Not any more, Sonny, I'm too old."

TOM: All right, you come up with a name for the paper.

GORDON: We could call it The Masturbation Manual.

BOB: Masturbation is almost always manual.

TOM: We could call it Cunts I Have Known.

BOB: Twat?

(This is met with a moments reverent silence)

TOM: That's a hairy one.

GORDON: How about Lick, Lick?

BOB: A magazine for young girls? Later comes Dick, Dick?

TOM: We're just playing around on the surface here, let's really delve into the problem and call it The Vagina.

GORDON: If you want to get hold of the emotions of your readers, The Clitoris would be better.

BOB: You guys always seem to wind up between something



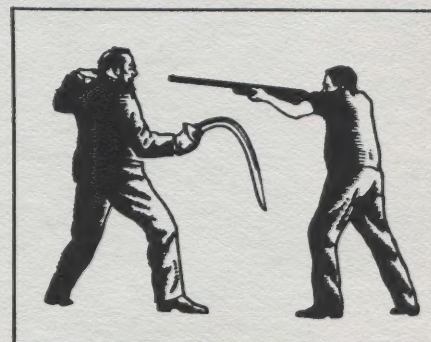
**Gordon to disguise their real identity- seek a suitable name for a new magaz...er, a ...a new publication.**

pissy and something shitty.  
GORDON: That's where all men want to be.  
TOM: And where everything new is born.  
BOB: We could call it the Genital.  
GORDON: Or the Gentle All. That's kind of Zen.  
BOB: Sounds more like a children's laxative.  
TOM: It'll really be more of an emetic.  
GORDON: Or maybe an anesthetic.  
BOB: It's not going to be very athletic.  
TOM: This is getting pretty pathetic.  
BOB: How about the Hermosa Bitch?  
TOM: Sounds too much like a female complaint.  
GORDON: Let's name it Asshole.  
BOB: Or Asses Speak.  
TOM: You mean it's a fart.  
BOB: That's good. We'll call it Fart.  
TOM: Fart is a combination of fiction and art.  
GORDON: I'd rather name it The Cow-Flop.  
TOM: Watch your step.  
BOB: Flatulence?  
TOM: There's a definite air about our magazine.  
GORDON: How about Goose?  
BOB: Sensitive readers wouldn't like it.  
TOM: We could call it the Nocturnal Emission.  
GORDON: We do it at night.  
BOB: If a guy doesn't make it with his wife, is that a nocturnal omission?  
TOM: Come on, you guys, let's come up with some clean names for a change.  
BOB: Yeah, you're right. Let's name it The Shaft.  
GORDON: For well-wishers?  
BOB: I guess it wouldn't be good as a gift idea. People would say, 'Don't give him The Shaft.'  
GORDON: If we're going to stress the gift idea, we should call it Ten Inches.  
BOB: Right, give your girl Ten

Inches for Christmas.  
GORDON: Hell, she'll be happy to get Ten Inches **anytime**.  
TOM: If that's what you guys consider clean names, I'm sure glad I didn't ask for anything dirty.  
BOB: The trouble with the name Ten Inches is asking for it at the newstand. You say to the guy, 'Do you have Ten Inches?' He'll look at you and say, 'Are you serious?'  
GORDON: How about the Dildo?  
BOB: No, girls wouldn't want to be seen buying a Dildo.  
TOM: We could call it Nooky.  
BOB: I thought you were thinking up clean names?  
TOM: I gave it a try but it was too hard.  
BOB: Girls tell me it's **never** too hard.  
GORDON: They always tell me it's too much.  
TOM: That's too bad, they tell me it's just right.  
BOB: They don't tell me anything, they just gasp and moan.  
GORDON: Okay! Okay! Let's talk about the magazine. How heavy a paper are we going to use for the cover?  
TOM: You mean, is it going to be a hard cover or a soft cover?  
BOB: That's before and after.  
TOM: You've got the idea — the front cover will be hard and the last cover will be soft.  
BOB: Naturally.  
GORDON: So much for being serious. We could name the damn thing The Toilet Paper.  
TOM: To be read while communing with nature?  
BOB: It's kind of a shitty name.  
GORDON: All right. How about the Diarrhea of Anne Frank?  
BOB: Well, it'll certainly be full of crap.  
GORDON: Well, it's going to have fiction so we could call it Supposi-Stories.  
BOB: We don't want that. Too many people would tell us to stick it up our ass.  
TOM: How about Self Abuse for

the Obtuse?  
GORDON: How about it?  
TOM: That's a name.  
GORDON: Oh, I thought you wanted to talk about your personal habits.  
BOB: Let's discuss yours instead. We could call it Tongue-Tied —he tried to do too much.  
TOM: Or there's the Broken Lance.  
BOB: Subtitled the Limp Lance.  
TOM: Or the Limp Wrist.  
GORDON: That reminds me, do you know what the most popular song is with the gay set?  
BOB: No, and we don't . . .  
GORDON: It's that old favorite, "Wait Till Your Son Turns Nellie."  
(This is greeted with a long silence)  
BOB: We've been here all evening and we still haven't come up with a decent title.  
TOM: A **decent title**? No wonder we've been having problems. Gordon and I have been going the indecent route.  
BOB: Well, let's knock off and try again some other time.  
GORDON: We ought to just stay here until we come up with a name that we all like.  
BOB: Oh, horseshit!  
TOM and GORDON: That's it! That's it! Horseshit!

NOTE: When this magazine was in the first planning stages, there were three of us. Unfortunately, soon after this dialogue took place, Gordon was wounded in a sabre duel with a jealous husband. So he had to give up all connection with the magazine. Sic semper horniest. Sic semper satyriasis.





## TO HEAR A VISITOR

# SING

This has been a day I shall always remember. I got up before dawn while the rest of the village was still sleeping and the smell of night was in the air. I tried to dress without making any noise but my wife woke up as she always does when I leave her side and insisted on getting up and heating some noodles for my breakfast.

We whispered so as not to disturb the children; my wife warning me against the dangers she sees all about her and I agreeing though there is nothing to fear. Then I set out along the cool dusty road.

Daybreak in India is like a cool gem suspended between the hot, sticky breasts of night and day. The road, which had been empty and silent, gradually filled up with animals and people and noise. I had to thread my way through the traffic and keep going without resting to reach the city on time.

My three hour walk had left me sweaty and tired but I was early enough at the parade ground to find a place in the shade and I rested comfortably there. Most of the field was empty but a few people kept arriving all the time, making their way past the beggars to the open spaces near the speaker's platform.

I began to worry that I would be too far away to hear anything so I left the shady spot and went and stood with the other people who were waiting. In about an hour's time the whole area had filled up and now the officials and their families began to arrive. I had to smile when I saw the women about me standing on tiptoe to try and see what the wives of the officials were wearing.

The chairs around the speaker's platform were all filled with the city's most important families by the appointed hour but our visitor from America did not appear. It was hot in the bright sunshine and I worried that they would forget to water the oxen at home. We waited all crowded together.

Then someone at the edge of the crowd gave a glad cry and soon we could all see them mounting the platform. He stood amongst them and I was surprised to see how big he was. Of course from his pictures I knew he was a heavy man but I had not realized that he was so tall and broad.

I shouted and clapped my hands with the others and he stood and smiled at us, his white teeth showing against the blackness of his skin. Then he sat down and some man made a long and tiresome introduction.

Finally the man stopped talking and our visitor came forward and spoke into the microphone. He promised us that he would sing after he had spoken. His voice was very strong and clear and after each phrase, he paused, and the translator's voice came out of the loudspeakers and went booming and echoing over the field.

(continued overleaf)







He told us of how his country's State Department had asked him to travel around the world and speak directly to the people about the racial struggle in the United States. He said that great progress had been made, that the Civil Rights' movement had only begun, and that eventual success in the Negroes' fight for freedom was assured. When he added that non-violent sit-ins and demonstrators had learned their tactics from a study of Gandhi and his followers, the cheers and applause were so great that he couldn't continue for several minutes.

I was very glad to hear his words for I have long followed the American Negroes' struggle in the newspapers. He went on and touched briefly on the resistance of certain whites to the colored people's just demands and some of the cruelties practiced on them and I looked at the white men seated on the platform and felt that I could see shame on their faces.

"Have no place for bitterness in your hearts," he told us. "We must return love for hate."

Then he sang an old and beautiful song and I looked at his strong face all covered with perspiration and I felt grateful to him for coming to speak to us when he might have remained at his cool summer home in the mountains in America. He finished the song and stood solemnly acknowledging our applause.

Then the crowd broke up and I had a glimpse of him riding away in the big open car between the Governor and the old Rani and all the while smiling and waving to the people. I could tell from the way those around me spoke that their hearts had been touched as mine had been.

I waited in the shade of the public square for the heat of the day to pass and ate the millet bread I had brought from home and drank water from the faucet

there. Then I walked home, taking my time and thinking over the events of the day.

It was nearly full dark when I reached our village but the people all gathered to hear me. After I had checked to make sure the animals had been fed, I sat by the door of my house and Desai brought his big lamp and the people gathered around. Then I told them of my day and repeated what the visitor from America had said.

Since I am the village school-teacher as well as a farmer, it has been my duty to read the newspapers to the people and along with me they have rejoiced over every gain made by the Negroes in America and been saddened by the indignities inflicted upon that people. Thus their hearts were made glad by my account of the day.

They made me repeat the whole story and then went off to their own houses. I stayed a while, enjoying the sounds of the night until my wife came back from looking at the children.

"They are tired from carrying water to the animals," she said.

"I'll be here tomorrow and they won't have to work so hard."

"Are you going to tell them about that man's speech?" she asked.

"Of course," I said. "I want them to be aware of what is going on in the world."

"So that when they are older they can read the newspapers and know who to feel sorry for?"

Her question surprised me so much that I couldn't answer and she went on.

"So that when they become men, they can walk many miles to stand in a crowd with others who have only millet bread to eat, and hear a rich man tell them not to be bitter? Is that what you want to teach them?"

"But the Negroes in America

suffer humiliations that we can only imagine," I said. "Their fight is for all of us."

"I don't know what it is like in America," my wife said. "But here in this village we have so little food, we can't spare any for the beggars. I know that our sons can never be anything but farmers who work all day just to be able to eat, and that the man you told me about must be one of the most fortunate people in the world. Would he want his children to trade places with ours?"

"But this man is a famous singer. Most of his people are poor."

"Why don't they send us one of their poor people then? Would you go to America and lecture the Negroes there?"

"Of course not! I do not have enough education. How would I know what to say to them?"

"Perhaps that is the way the ordinary Negroes in America feel. Perhaps they would shrink from expecting hungry men to feel sorry for them."

I was surprised at my wife's words. She had always listened when I read the newspapers and although she had never said anything, I had thought that her feelings were as stirred as mine were.

"You remember the fat official who came to the village here two years ago?" she asked. "He would go to America and talk if he was asked. Perhaps we can have an exchange and we can send them our fools and they can send us theirs."

I started to answer but then I realized that I would never be able to make her understand, for womanlike she could not think of larger movements except as they affected her family. So I said nothing. We waited a little while, looking into the soft night, and then went to bed in silence.







## Late on a bad night



Life is a slut, full of hidden sores and secret smells. But follow her we must, like young boys tempted by a coarse whore, looking upon her with loathing and desire, filled with disgust for her and for ourselves that we should be entranced by such as she.

Dirty and foul so that we turn away from her invitations but unable to get her out of our minds, our very viscera stirred and moved. Dirty and desirable, able to make our loins itch and our stomachs roll, all at the same time.

So we follow, half aroused, half ashamed. To the dingy rooms where we wait and think of young bodies and try to hide our racking lust. While we wait our turn.

This is the way our lives are spent. Waiting. Waiting our turn with a bad smelling whore.

## Early on a spring morning

We wake up to a world that contains fresh pastry and hot coffee and the warm sun shining and a soft breeze off the sea. Let us go out and look at our world. World of young animals that delight in running and playing and old people who sit in the sun and smile to themselves. World of Puccini's operas with their silly, passionate, heartbreaking stories. World of children who dawdle and kick and ask shy questions. World of girls with glowing skins, of unconscious breath-stopping beauty. World of men who laugh and tell each other bullshit stories and are proud of the work they do. Strong world, good world, world to live as long as you can in.

World of young men who are just learning to be proud of their maleness that can ease a woman's longing. World of books that sing and talk and are alive like Walter Clark's **The City of Trembling Leaves**. World of beef roast and fresh salads and the tang of blueberry pie. World of Oriental girls with their supple waists and graceful arms. World with cats in it; smug, stupid, and lovable. World of women who are pleased with their men and want to do things for them in the daytime and make desperate, panting love to them in the darkness. World of joy. Best world? Worst world? No matter since it's our only world. Let us enjoy it as long as we can world. Our world.

## In between thoughts

When we say that someone is intelligent, we are only indulging in more of our constant self-flattery. We should say—that man is not as stupid as I am, or he is not nearly so stupid as most of us.

Prostitutes are for men who would rather pay than listen.

Skeptics Everywhere.

Have you noticed that no matter how sick the Pope gets, they never even consider taking him to Lourdes?

A study of the voting patterns of jury members has revealed that most men who make less than \$5000 a year are prejudiced against women. This is hardly surprising since all women are prejudiced against men who make less than \$5000 a year.

A girl and her knees are soon parted.

Heaven is full of fat women, YMCA members, fairies, school teachers, earnest liberals, Zionists, hardware store clerks, and spinster aunts.

Hell on the other hand is staffed by whores, hard drinkers, actresses and models, revolutionaries, lovers, nymphs, Irish tenors, Swedish girls, and painters.

It is hard to feel sorry about possible H-Bomb explosions when you realize that although William Saroyan will go, he will be accompanied by Billy Graham, Laurence Harvey, Cardinal Spellman, and Barry Goldwater.

The Ten Commandments make Prohibition look like a stroke of genius.







BY TOM DUNKER

The nuns, who ran the high school I went to, harbored the belief that no sex education courses were taught there. They were mistaken. Every day a class was held in the second floor boy's john. Probably there was another class in the girl's john but I can only tell about the classes I attended. They beat the hell out of algebra and English for interest.

It was there between the urinals and sinks that I first learned about a simple way to prevent VD after screwing a whore. It seems if you pour whiskey over your dick, making sure to get a little into the eye of it, you can't help but be safe. At least, that's what the guy said—I never heard of anybody having the guts to really test it. We freshmen were also warned that some girls have strong gripping muscles in their snatches and they can clamp down on a guy and keep him from withdrawing in time and so trap him into marriage. There were lots of other stories, all colorful, all equally untrue.

We were all heartily ashamed of our un-Catholic interest in sex, so it seemed only right that we should talk there in the john with guys coming in to piss or grab a forbidden cigarette and with noises and smells drifting over from the toilets in the corner. But dirty as it was, how much more interested we were in those classes than in the clean ones in the regular classrooms!

Over a period of time the religion classes had their effect, though. I knew that it grieved the heart of Jesus when I tried to imagine what

Maxine Elliot, who sat in front of me, looked like without any clothes on; so I did my best to concentrate on other things and tried to avoid thinking about sex. It didn't work.

No matter how guilty I felt about it, nothing changed the fact that I had a dirty mind. I figured my safest course was to pretend to be clean minded and hope that as I got older I would improve. I got older all right, but I didn't improve. I still thought about sex all the time. But then I began to realize that a lot of other people did too, not just guys my own age, but men of all ages, and women too. I found that women really have sex on the brain, probably more than men. Then I met a girl who had been a nun but had left the convent. She claimed that *nuns* thought about sex all the time! What was this? An epidemic? Was everybody obsessed with sex like me?

I stayed confused for quite a while but eventually things started to clear up. One thing that helped a lot was the movie *Psycho*. You remember it. Janet Leigh undresses and gets in the shower and while she's in there, a guy comes in with a big butcher knife and stabs her and hacks away at her nude body again and again until she topples over and bleeds to death. Well, just to show you what kind of mind I've got, if I were making that movie I'd have the guy come in and find her in the shower and have him stab her all right—but not with any knife. No, sir. She might be shown dying in my movie but it would be that sweet death from which a woman soon re-

turns to life and impatiently waits for her savior to rise again from the dead.

How's that for dirty? You can guess what the censors would do to *that*.

I had known for some time that I never could be clean minded like censors and people like that but this movie convinced me that I could never even understand them. At the time *Psycho* came out, you weren't allowed to show a girl taking a shower. It was considered too dirty. But somehow the fact that she is stabbed to death made it all right in this case. That crazy bastard hacking her to death cleaned up the scene in the eyes of the clean minded. I had thought I had developed a pretty strong stomach in that high school john but these censors' ideas were too much for me.

Then I realized that the attitudes of those in authority in adult society were the same as the nuns' attitudes had been. The nuns thought they had gotten rid of sex but all they had done was shove it into the toilet. In every school, the kids are taught a great deal about sex by not being taught anything about sex. When teachers avoid teaching a subject, avoid even mentioning it, that tells the pupils a lot. So from the first grade on, all schools are constantly giving sex education—negative sex education.

Some schools make a fainthearted attempt to teach their students a little something about the most important thing in life by showing sex education films to the high school seniors. They're too late. I understand that in some classes so many boys have



gonorrhea that the steady drip, drip from their penises drowns out the voice of the lecturer and the girls who might profit most from instruction are absent having babies. But most of all, it's too late to convince the students that sex is respectable after twelve years of it being unmentionable.

So the young people leave school knowing hardly anything about sex, or I should say, hardly anything *true* about sex. They know all the superstitions, the lies, the wild stories; just as I did from the classes in the john, but what about the truth, the facts? They'll learn them from other adults, someone says. They will? Where are these adults who know so much? Most

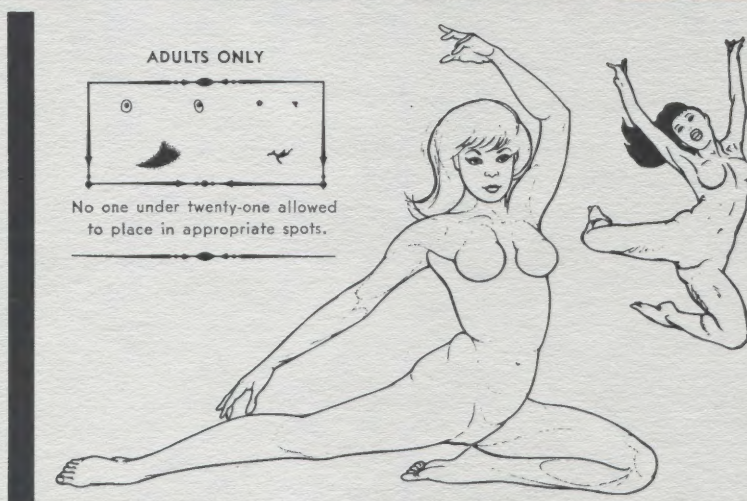
the experts in the field are guys who have interviewed fifty women and treat it by guess.

Some people seem to think that all we need is more sex education in the schools but since we know so little, there's a danger that such courses would just pass on adult prejudices. Also there's not much point in teaching kids how to prevent VD when their druggist probably won't sell them rubbers and they know that if they go to a doctor to be treated for clap, he'll tell their parents. Our society is too childish about sex to be able to help the kids.

So called adult society is pretty much like that high school I went to.

of her legs and to show them on condition that she's ashamed of her crotch and hides it. It might be difficult to have legs without having a crotch but we can pretend. Since we all have dirty areas on our bodies, parts to be ashamed of, we keep them hidden and even pretend they are not there. Oh, do you have something between your legs there, Miss Nougat? You do? How shocking! I thought you were a nice girl. How can a nice girl like you go to the bathroom?

As you may have gathered by this time, I'm tired of all this lying. I feel like the bank robber who has gotten away with leading a double life for years and finally just gives him-



of the adults I know, don't know shit. I've had *doctors* tell me absolute garbage about simple sexual functions. Most college professors would flunk out of kindergarten if they were quizzed on their sex knowledge. The actual fact is that *no one* knows much about it.

Where would someone learn if he was eager to know? In college? No, he can study Bantu there but not human sexuality. If some nut should want to find out what a medieval French king wore for underwear, there are whole libraries to help him. Millions of hours of research have been poured into studying such crumb-brained nonsense but human conditions such as frigidity in women are practically unexplored. Frigidity has deadened the lives of millions of women and turned their husbands cold but

Most people are dirty minded and they sneak away to the john to let themselves go and indulge their real interests. Then they button themselves up and march out to classes with purity shining out of their well scrubbed faces. Ain't that a hunk of shit?

And the officials, the people who make our laws and enforce them, they're like the nuns — absolutely sexless, at least in their official capacity. So they lie about what really goes on in their heads and we respond with our answering lie. One thing about this lying, we're all good at it. We've had lots of practice.

Underneath, of course, we feel guilty and ashamed, but that's to be expected. If we just remember the rules, we won't be punished. For instance, a girl is allowed to be proud

self up because it's more trouble than it's worth. Another reason I resent the whole business is that teachers, lawmakers, judges, and cops are paid to tell these lies. It's part of their job. Why should I do it for free?

When I'm with my friends, I talk dirty. The reason for that is because I think dirty. Now, if someone imagines that although I talk dirty and think dirty, I'm going to write clean, he's full of crap. I don't know any truths to pass on to younger people but at least I can try to cut down on my lying as to what I'm really like. So can all dirty minded men and women.

Let the clean minded tell their lies and kid themselves and get their sex thrills by going to the movies and seeing a savage murder. We dirty minded types have got better things to do — dirty things.





When I was sixteen, I knew nothing. I mean absolutely nothing. Looking back I'm embarrassed by some of the things I did without having any idea of the implications. For example, I worked for a time in a drugstore, the kind of place that sells almost everything, in my home town. One night this young man came in and went to the pharmacy counter.

I called over to him, "The pharmacist isn't here right now. Can I help you?"

He came over to my counter and asked in a low tone, "When will the pharmacist be back?"

He was tall and kind of cute, maybe about twenty or twenty-one, so I gave him my best smile. "I don't know when he will be back," I said. "I'm the only one here right now."

He seemed embarrassed about something and of course I thought he was overwhelmed by finding himself all alone with wonderful, exciting me. Finally he said in a near-whisper, "I need some rubbers."

Well, I thought he meant over-  
shoes, if you can imagine some-  
one being that innocent. So I re-  
plied brightly, "Yes, sir. What  
size?"

There was the longest silence as he just stared at me, then he said in a bewildered tone, "I didn't know they came in different sizes."

"There is a real stretchy kind that will fit anyone but we don't stock those. Are they for yourself?" I asked.

"Uh, no, they're for a friend," he said. Looking back now, I realize that he was lying but at the time I thought he was acting so peculiarly because of shyness. Which shows what kind of ninny I was!

"And you don't even know his size," I said. "You're as bad as the women who come in here without any idea of men's sizes."

"You mean women buy . . . uh . . . for men?"

“Naturally they buy them for themselves, too. I carry some lightweight ones in my purse because you never know when you’re going to need them. But lots of women buy them for their husbands because so many men don’t like to wear rubbers. I guess they’d rather take a chance on catching something and getting sick.”

The young man couldn't seem to believe his ears. "You mean there are women who don't know their husband's size?"

"Husbands aren't so much of a problem but sometimes a woman will want some for a boyfriend or a neighbor or maybe even the mailman, if she happens to notice he's not wearing any, and in that case she's not liable to know the right size."

He seemed fascinated, if a little glassy-eyed, and I thought my conversation was charming him.

"What do you do in a case like that?" he asked.

"Oh, I try to get the woman to give me a general idea. How big a man he is and things like that. One woman was in here and insisted that she wanted something like this: (I showed him by holding my hands about 12 inches apart and I couldn't imagine why he stared at me as though dumbfounded.) So I gave her size ten

and then later her husband came in to exchange them and he was a great big man. I guess he tried to put one on and pulled and pulled and couldn't get anywhere. Boy, was he mad!"

"I'll bet he was."

"Now about your friend. Can you give me any idea of his size? About as large as your foot?"

He stared down at his feet.  
"Gosh, no. Not that big!"

"Well then, about the size of my foot?" I held out one foot for him to see and he looked at me as though I were out of my mind.

"No, smaller than that."

"Is this for a man or a boy?" I asked sharply.

"A man . . . I think."

"He must be an awfully small man. I doubt that we have anything that will fit him."

"I never had any complaints before," he said humbly.

“Well, it’s best to get a proper fit. I remember one time Mother gave Dad some rubbers that had belonged to her brother and they were too large for him. Poor man, you could hear him coming and he would be sloshing around and they were so loose fitting that he’d get his feet wet.”

"Really! His feet!"

"Oh yes. As for your friend, the only thing I can suggest is that there's a boy's store down the street and they might have something in their junior sizes that would fit him."

"Well . . ." he said.

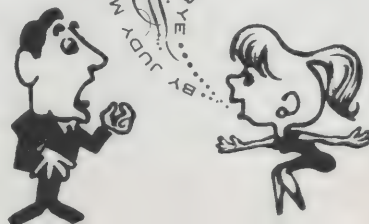
He seemed so unhappy that I thought I'd give him a compliment and make him feel better, so I said, "You're so tall and well-built, it seems strange you should have such a small buddy."

To my surprise, he flushed and said angrily, "A guy can't help his size." Then he turned and walked out of the store. I never saw him again.

At the time I didn't understand it but I resolved never to mention anything about size when I was talking to men. I never have, since then, either.



A  
Reminiscence  
of My  
Drug  
Store Daze





**A CLOSE FRIEND'S LAMENT  
FOR A LONELY ONE**

Ah, Richard, you were made for love  
And here you droop all alone,  
Far from the passionate embraces  
And sweet desire of woman.

It is not good for one so young  
And tender to sleep alone,  
To be shaken by rough urgent passion,  
To lose your vital force only in dreams.

Are there no girls about who excite you,  
Filling you with anxious desire?  
Must you depend only upon your  
Landlady for sex and  
My steadying hand for companionship?

You lack spirit, Richard!  
Stand up straight! Hold your head high!  
Your back needs stiffening,  
A rush of new blood is necessary,  
For how else can you penetrate any girl,  
my Richard, my Dick?

The dance was nearly over when the two friends went to the  
men's room.

Said one: It doesn't look like I'm going to make out.

Surely doesn't.

Neither does Sue.

**LOVER'S LEAK**

On that spot I was undone as I lusted,  
Too late I found that my condom was busted.

Put your money where your mouth is, she said.  
So he stuffed a ten in and left the house.

**TOO YOUNG**

Candy makes her randy,  
While liquor just makes her sicker.

Working is like making love to an ugly woman, not so bad  
after starting, but ugh, what a chore to start.

The butler thought that the maid was a dear,  
Until she accused him of being a queer,  
You should realize, he said,  
As he threw her on the bed,  
That servants always enter at the rear.

Your girl is an interior decorator, huh? What sort of taste  
has she got?

Delicious!

You have often told me, my dear,  
How a woman suffers in giving birth,  
And described the awful pains that rip her.

But you have no understanding,  
Of the agony that a man endures,  
When his penis gets caught in his zipper.

Does a man who can't leave the girls alone, have the twats?



**SOME PEOPLE  
WHO MAKE VERY LITTLE NOISE.**

\* The pretty girl with deformed feet who sits at home with her aging parents and gets quietly drunk at night. Then waits until they have fallen asleep and cries and cries.

\* The thirty-five year old fat woman whose husband won't take her anyplace and who pours out all her heart's love on her little dog, the only one in the world who loves her.

\* The middle-aged man who looks up from his work and sees a pretty blonde teen-ager sitting close to her boyfriend in a car and remembers that he was always afraid of girls when he was young.

\* The young married man whose wife is holding some unnamed grudge and won't sleep with him.

\* The kid who was a star halfback on his small high school team and who was injured in his first college scrimmage but continues to play because he is afraid to tell the coach.

\* The plain thirty-one year old sales clerk who has a pair of newly-weds come into the store and keep looking at each other, while she waits with hungry hopeless eyes





# READY, WHITE



# AND BLUE

PICTORIAL COMMENT



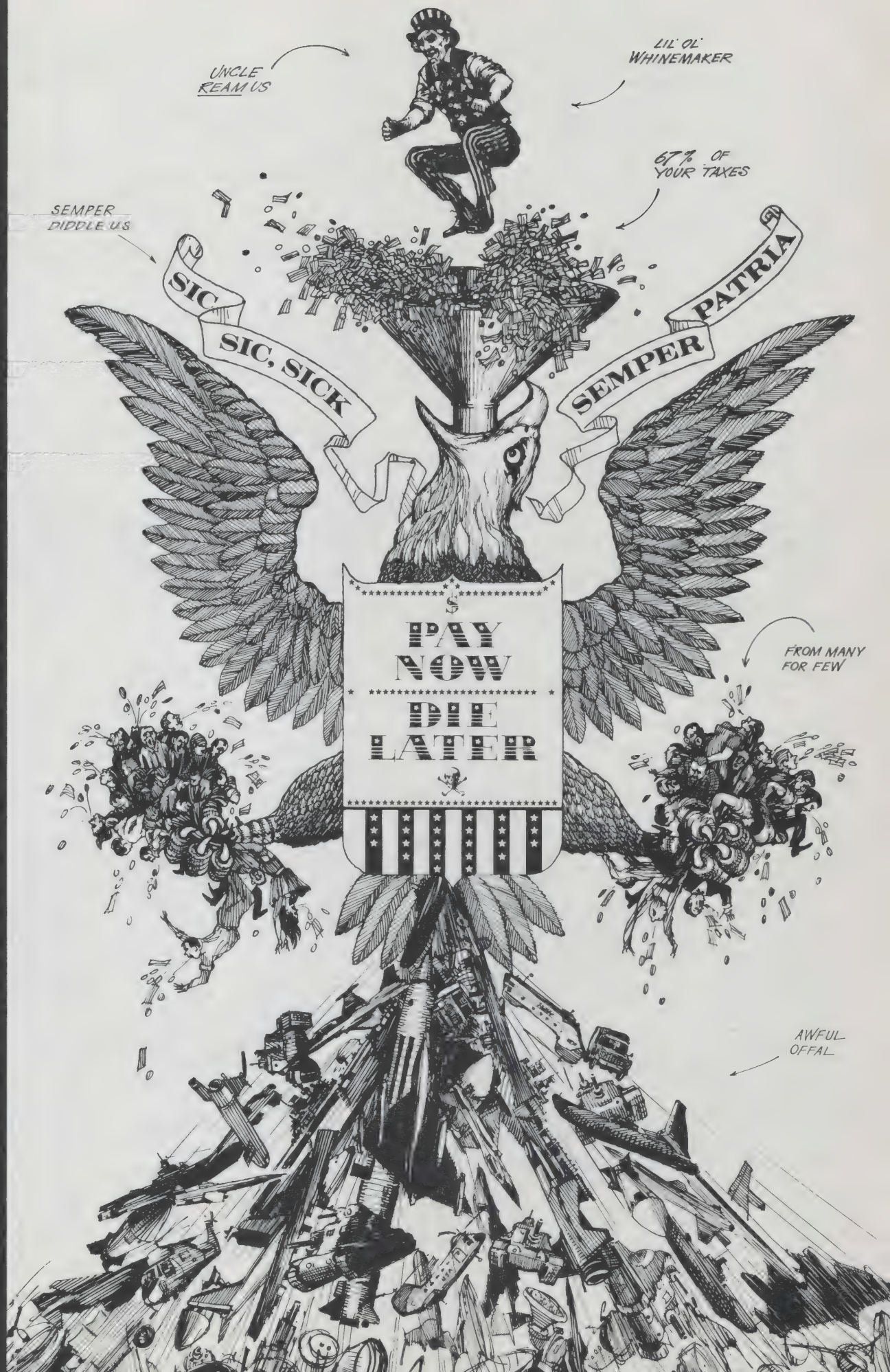
In 1917, the Russian people were starving. One twentieth of our national budget spent on food for them might well have kept them from going Communist. We sent an army instead.

In 1946, the Chinese were dying of hunger. One tenth of our defense spending could have fed them. Instead we sent weapons to Chiang Kai-shek. Now they are Communists.

Today, over half of our budget goes to defend us against Russia and China.

In 1965, the people in Viet Nam are hungry. We are sending them napalm bombs.

Only a nation with a large hole in the head would voluntarily spend its wealth on professional murderers, rather than alleviating worldwide misery.









LULLABY FOR A HUNGRY BABY

Hushaby little child  
Don't you cry  
After a little while  
Your hunger will grow tired  
And you can sleep.

Be glad you're an American baby  
And can grow to be a man  
And work and make money  
And move to a part of town  
Where there are no hungry babies.

Then you can forget  
Your old hunger  
And never again have to  
Think of hungry children  
For that's the American Way.

THE WARLORD'S BANNER  
HAS HALF-MASTED  
FREEDOM'S FLAG

If our military  
leaders  
succeed in  
their ambitions,  
we will all  
be dead  
in a few years.  
Then let  
this be  
written  
on our  
country's  
tombstone —

"These  
were the  
American people.  
They were the  
first nation in  
history to  
be able  
to feed  
every  
hungry person on  
the face of the  
earth  
without any  
hardship to  
themselves.  
They  
could have fed  
the hungry  
but  
they would  
not. They  
refused to give  
food even to the  
starving in their  
own land. They  
wasted  
their extra  
food rather than  
share it.  
And  
all the while  
they blinded  
themselves  
to the  
need of others  
and told each  
other that they  
were a generous  
people. Now  
they are  
all dead.  
They were  
selfish and now  
they are dead."

PHALLUS IN  
WONDERLAND



HAIL! THE KING!  
LONG LIVE THE KINGS!

THE ENGL'S PLUCKED  
THE PARROT RULES!







But it looks so big and red and angry looking, she said. I'm afraid to touch it. Ah, go ahead, eat it, he commanded. Lobsters always look that way.

#### Definitions—

Key to the bathroom—

Can opener.

Catholic girl—Ice box.

Alimony—Court-screw.



#### VASELINE

Doesn't that hurt at all? he asked.

No, I can hardly feel it, she said. I must be slipping, he said.



They all laughed when I came in carrying a bucket of shit. Little did they know I was going to throw it.



Did you and your husband have premarital sex?

No, he's a very unprepossessing man.

The next morning when they woke up, he began to get worried and he asked, "Do you use a diaphragm or the birth control pills?"

"I use the pills," she said.

Relieved, he asked, "Do you use them because they're safer?"

"I guess so," she said. "Besides they're so much easier to insert."

#### Punctuation—

Absolutely not, she said. We're not going to bed. Period.

I don't want to see my wife during visiting hours, said the prisoner. You know how I hate to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

## • THE SUPERIORITY OF ONE NATION OVER ANOTHER IS A BUNCH OF SHIT

The course of constipation  
and of civilization  
Is the same in every nation.

The races who have no use for a laxative  
Always believe it's a life to relax'n'live.

While the tensions of others aren't so much racial  
But are caused by inner movements nearly glacial.

Where the toilet stool is blessed several times a day  
The tax collector is shorted in every way.

While those who ignore emotional pleas and the demagogue's wiles  
Are subject to the straining gut and the everlasting piles.

Think of England and Mexico!

Two hundred years ago the British ate black bread  
and spicy meats

And the land was full of robbers and pirates  
and the cops were afraid to go out on their beats.  
Then they started eating suet pudding and boiled-  
out vegetables

And the Victorians arrived,  
Stiff, sober, and their feces rattled in the pot  
like shot.

Now

England is:

A rainy land of enormous roses and enema hoses  
Of mutton stew and bowel movements too few.

The home of the upright and honorable judge  
Full of law and wisdom and alimentary sludge.

And the people!

The descendants of mighty Arthur and Richard the Lion Hearted  
set their bums on icy water closets  
and produce cold and joyless turds.

Now it is a land where a man is proud if he has so much as farted  
and he leaves a healthy shit in the bowl  
and waits for his family's admiring words.

Things are different in a half-primitive land like Mexico.

There

Montezuma's revenge is ever ready to strike  
and the Mexican Pot Dance and Aztec Quick Step  
are performed by natives and tourists alike.

Where

dysentery stalks the unwary  
where the trots are followed by the runs  
and then by permanent seating arrangements  
in the excusado.

In Mexico, diarrhea has become a way of life  
And both the country and people are full of inner strife.

Corrupt officials and political bosses  
Rule the people who eat spicy sauces.

Peppers, chilies and hot stuff  
that pass through the intestine  
So fast they're really not rough  
still make things interestin'.

Making jumpy judges,  
Fidgety school boys,  
Rapid fire cops.

And their lawmakers!  
How can you have a deliberative body  
Made up of men who expect  
surprises, explosions, sudden movements?

Who are used to violent outbreak, volleys, detonations,  
rushes, torrents?  
Whose bowels are constantly subjected to force, shock,  
outrage, spasm, strain, vehemence?  
Who are racked with internal bluster, rage, ferocity,  
riot, turmoil, and storm?

No! No!

It's only the constipated

Who are easily regulated.

They think of bowel, not political, movements.

Evacuation, to them, means relief, not exile.

A purge, in England, is a dose of salts.

Elimination is their devout prayer,

Never the constant fear of the diarrhetic.

So the greasers are given to passionate love and pistol duels  
While the limeys spend their time on gardening and football pools.

Mexicans on a trip carry weapons

as though for jungle forays,

While the English pack hot water bottles

and rectal suppositories.

All peoples' attitudes are influenced by these matters unmentionable  
Except in this magazine which thinks of itself as unconventionable.

For instance

A girl's assumptions about love  
are made early in life.

Many years before she is prone  
to be laid or made into a wife.

A little chica must reflect several times every day  
While squatting and looking down into her lap,  
That she has features that could be used in another way  
Than just for taking a pee or a crap.

While the English girl who only goes twice a week  
Keeping modestly covered and in constant dread,  
Has little time to think or let her fingers seek  
While straining out the remains of gummy English bread.

So you can see, the superiority of one nation over another  
is a bunch of shit. (Impacted, that is) ●



When I was three, a six year old  
girl pissed all over me, said  
Johnston.  
A splendid preparation for life,  
said Moe.

So we made it right there on the  
dance floor.  
I don't believe it. Somebody  
would have seen you.  
One guy did but he didn't say  
anything. He just waited a bit  
and then cut in.

You can't go around the world  
without learning something  
about sex.

What makes it stick up in the  
air like that? she asked.  
There's a little muscle that does  
it, he said.  
Little is right! Couldn't you lift  
weights or something?

You're obsessed with sex. Why  
don't you take up a hobby?  
Like youth work?  
Yes, that's good, Humbert.

The window came right down  
on it, cried Tristram Shandy  
disjointedly.

The two girls were talking to-  
gether late at night. "I feel so  
lonely," the one said. "I think  
I'll go over to Jimmie's apart-  
ment and leave a note for him  
to come over when he gets off  
work."  
"Why don't you just use the  
phone?" the other asked.  
"I like Jimmie better."

Kiss me quick, the Irish girl told  
her lover.  
I will not, he says. I'll kiss your  
lips or nothing at all.



Suppressed for years! For the first time an uncensored translation of . . .

# the plot to kill the Queen

Centuries ago in Holland, the people drove out their Spanish rulers and set up their own government. But a few men, who wanted the Spanish back, organized a conspiracy and planned to assassinate the Dutch Queen. Realizing that they would not be able to get a man into the Queen's private chambers, they employed a powerfully built Lesbian with the idea that she could pose as a lady in waiting and stab the Queen. Then the Lesbian was to give the alarm and the others would begin the revolution. *~*

The appointed day came and the Lesbian tried to slip in to the Queen's chambers with some other maids. However her masculine appearance aroused the suspicions of a young guardsman and he took her into a private room and tried to make sure of her sex. She struggled with him but he was able to get his hand up under her skirts and prove to himself that she did indeed have the female apparatus. When she failed to respond to his searching hand as the other maids had in the past, he continued to use the probing fingers of one hand on her while he held her wrists with his other hand. Naturally she found his male attentions displeasing and she fought him. This only made him more determined and the battle raged on. His hand grew tired but he forced himself to continue. Meanwhile, the secret police had caught one of the conspirators and forced him to talk. Soon they were all arrested and the police went through the palace looking for the Lesbian. They found her in the room still fighting the guardsman's hand under her skirt. *~*

The police took them all in front of the Queen and the Prime Minister told her the whole story. The blushing guardsman was urged forward and the Prime Minister said "Here is the man who has saved our country." The Queen looked at his youthful face and said, "Man? Why he's still a boy." "Nonetheless, your majesty," said the Prime Minister. "They will make a legend out of this boy for he has saved all of Holland by keeping his finger in the hole in the dyke." *~*

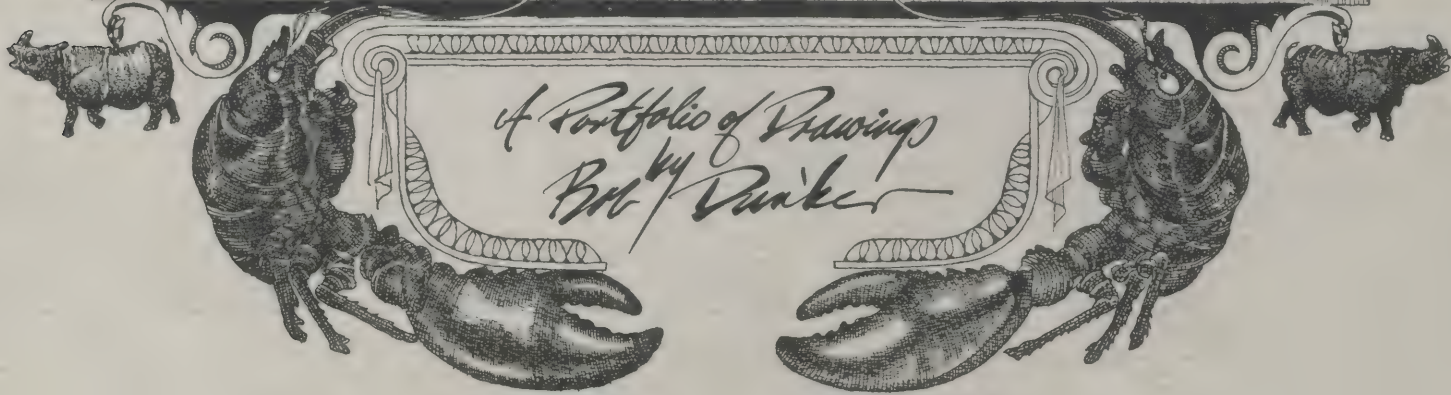
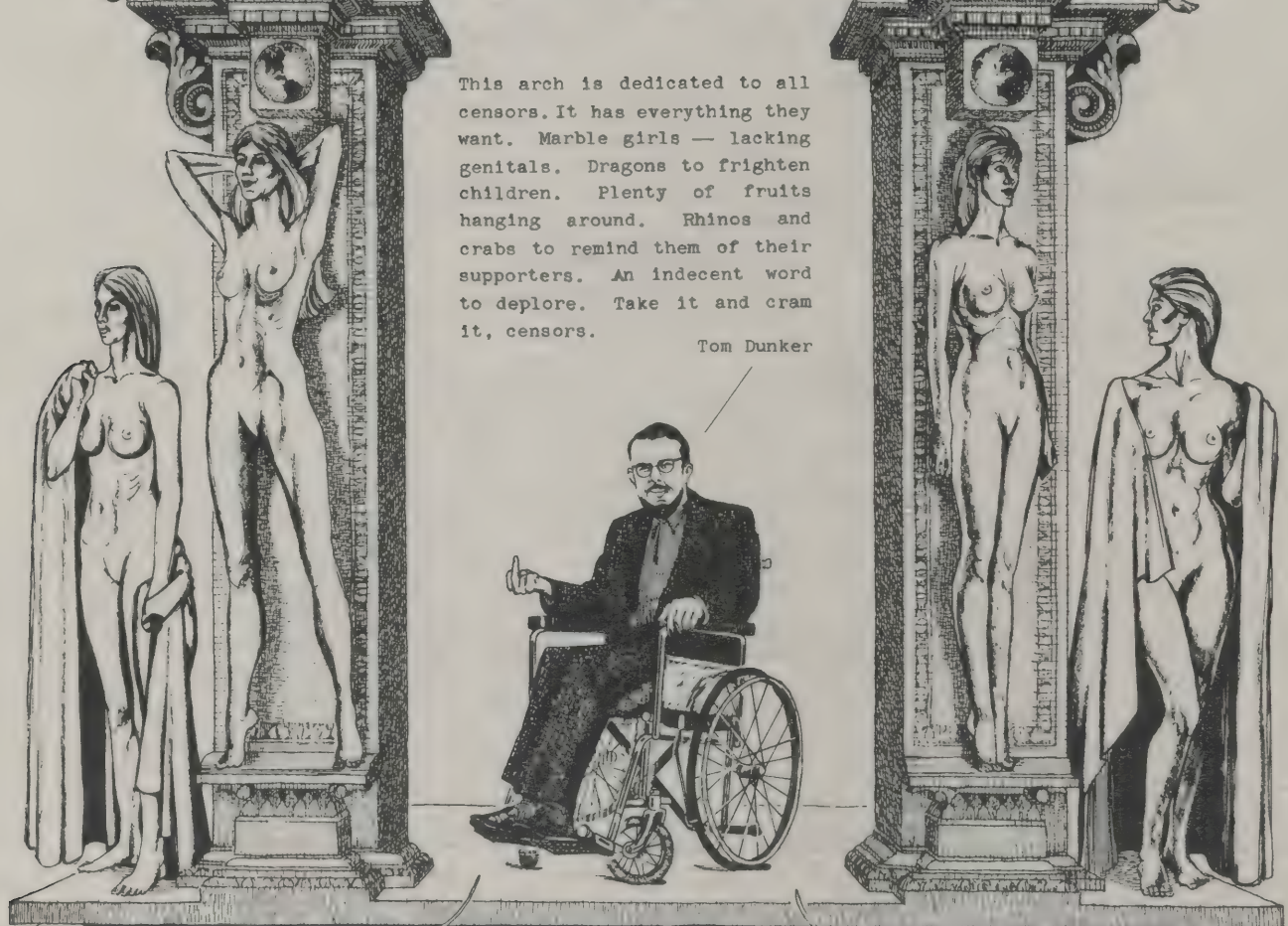






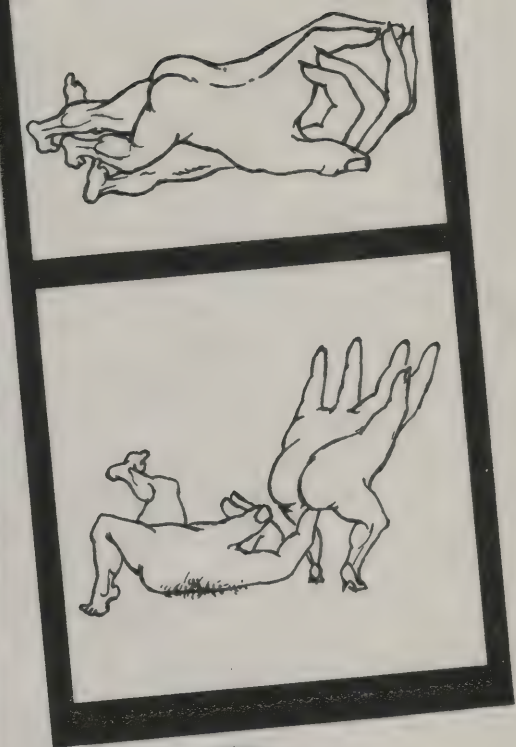
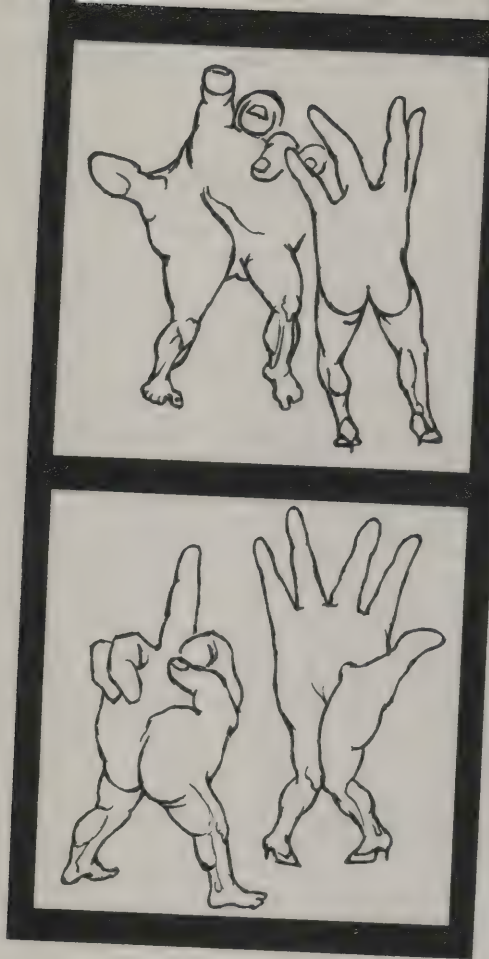
This arch is dedicated to all censors. It has everything they want. Marble girls — lacking genitals. Dragons to frighten children. Plenty of fruits hanging around. Rhinos and crabs to remind them of their supporters. An indecent word to deplore. Take it and cram it, censors.

Tom Dunker

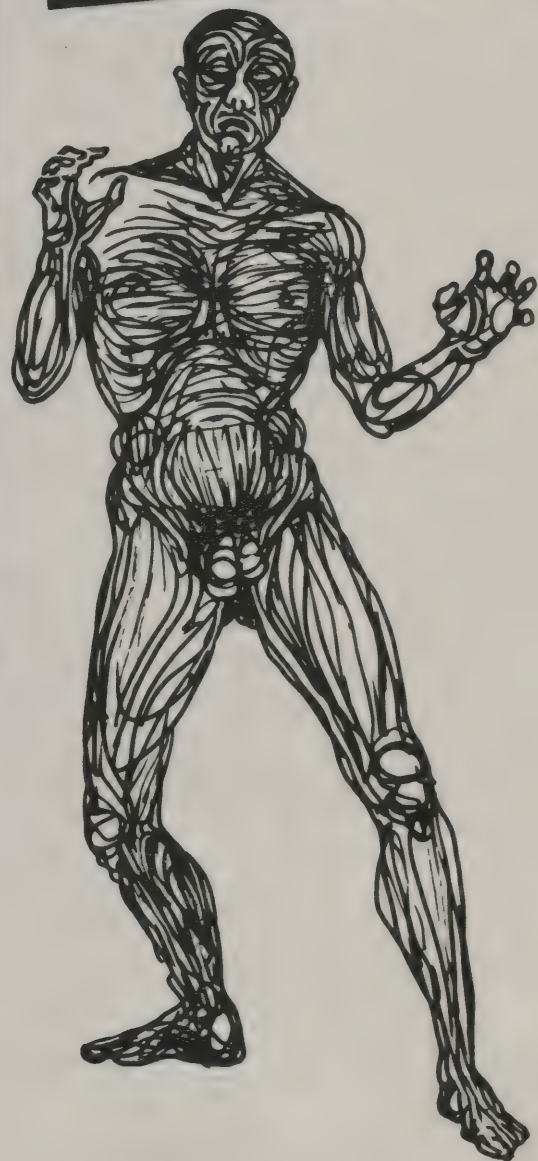


*A Portfolio of Drawings  
By Tom Dunker*





A cross-eyed priest







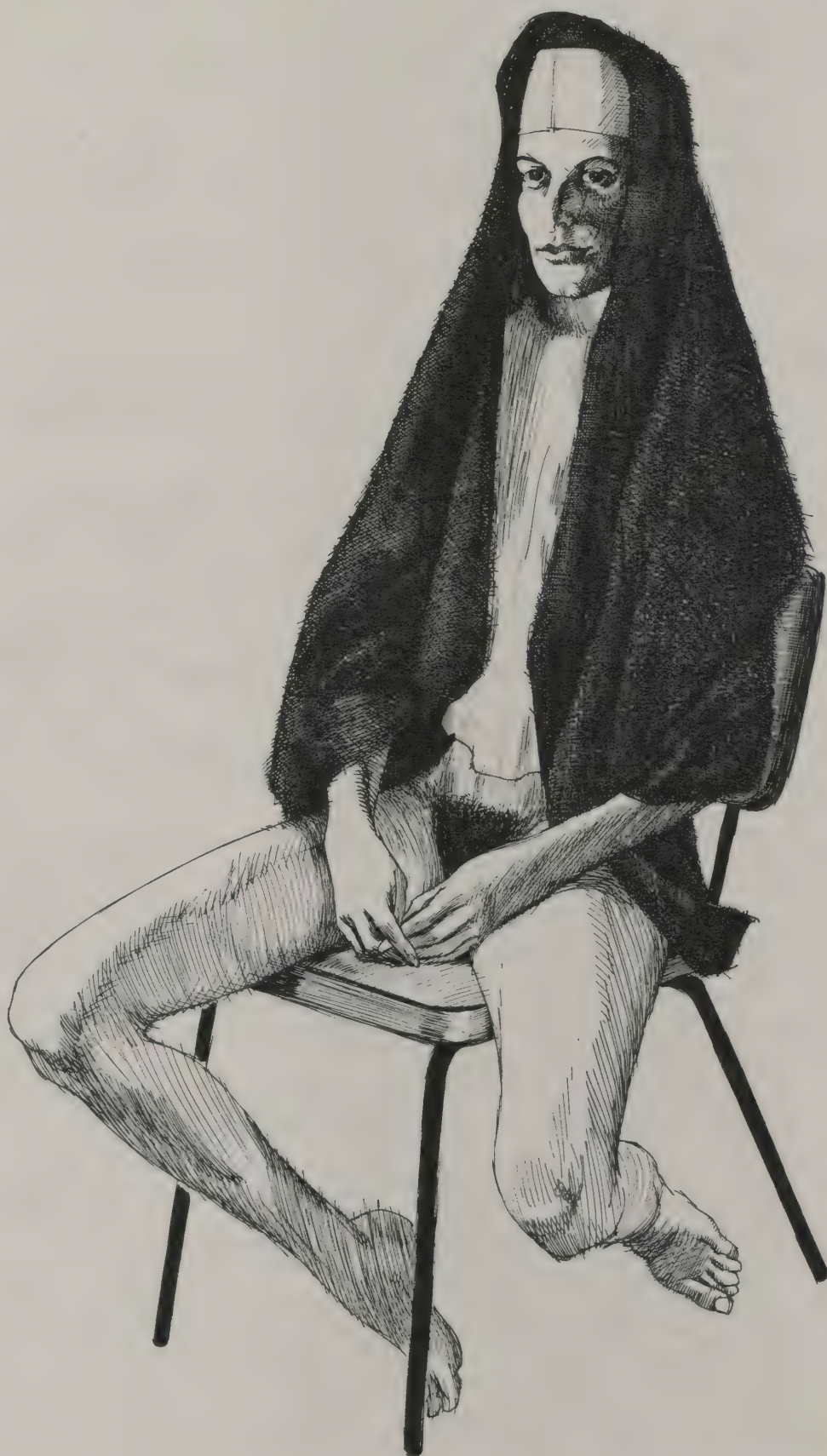
















A television play by Tom Dunker

# a new approach to GROUP THERAPY

FADE IN: INTERIOR —TWO BED HOSPITAL ROOM  
—(DAY)

We see two men, Frank Moss and Marty Hegan, sitting on the edge of their beds, smoking. Both are dressed in hospital pajamas and robes. Hegan has only one leg. Moss looks at bedside clock.

MOSS: It's 8:35. We'd better put these out.

Both men carefully stub out cigarettes and put the butts in their pockets. Moss goes to window and opens it.

HEGAN: I don't know why you bother opening that. Old Reslick must know that we smoke in here.

MOSS: Of course she knows but it's all part of the game. If we're not careful and she catches us, then she has to turn us in. But that's easy enough to avoid. Like all nurses, she's a creature of habit. In just thirty seconds she will stick her muzzy head in that door and say, "Mr. Moss, Mr. Hegan. Time for your appointment with Dr. Scheiner."

Nurse appears at door.

NURSE: Mr. Moss, Mr. Hegan. Time for your appointment with Dr. Scheiner.

Nurse withdraws.

HEGAN: Hey, she forgot . . .

Nurse reappears.

NURSE: And don't forget to wear your artificial leg, Mr. Hegan. And walk on it. Don't use a crutch.

Nurse withdraws.

HEGAN (Resignedly): She didn't forget. She not only looks like an elephant, she's got a memory like one.

Hegan gets out an artificial leg and straps it on.

MOSS: Can I help you with that?

HEGAN (Sharply): No! I got it.

Moss reaches under his pillow and takes out a flat half-pint bottle. He goes to door, looks up and down hall, then comes back and takes a drink.

HEGAN: Hey Moss! You shouldn't be drinking before we see Scheiner. He'll smell it.

MOSS: It's vodka. He can't smell it. Anyway, he's the reason I have to have a shot. I'm all right otherwise but when I have to go down and listen to his psychological bunk on why I drink, it nearly kills me. What can I do with this bottle? I don't dare leave it here. Can you hide it in there?

HEGAN: Well, yeah, I guess so.

Hegan takes bottle, slips it into artificial leg, and then continues strapping it on.

HEGAN: Boy, I'd like to have that crutch along but I'll never get it past the nurses' station.

MOSS: Sure, you can. I'll go first and start complaining to Reslick about our radiator not working.

HEGAN: What good will that do? We've been complaining about that for three weeks and nothing has been done about it.

MOSS: That's what I mean. Come on.

Hegan takes crutch and follows Moss out door. Moss goes ahead and stops by glass enclosed nurses' station. Mrs. Reslick is bent over desk, filling out forms.

MOSS: Do you want me to take Old Man Crangle down to physical therapy today?

NURSE: Mister Crangle has already been taken to his appointments.

MOSS: Oh okay. Mrs. Reslick, the radiator in our room still hasn't been fixed.

NURSE: I've called maintenance about that, Mr. Moss.

MOSS: Yeah, but couldn't you call them again?

Nurse doesn't look up from papers.

NURSE: I'll make a note of it, Mr. Moss.

Moss waves to Hegan, who quietly goes behind him past the station.

MOSS: At night it just gets colder than the dickens in there. You wouldn't believe how cold it gets.

NURSE: Yes, I know. We'll take care of it.

MOSS: And in the daytime it gets hot. Especially when one of the mattresses catches on fire like mine just did.

Nurse is still absorbed in papers.

NURSE: These things take time, Mr. Moss. There's a great deal to be done around this hospital.

MOSS: Well, it seemed to be burning pretty lively when I left. I think the whole wing is on fire now.

NURSE: Perhaps they can get around to it this afternoon, Mr. Moss. Shouldn't you be at your appointments?

MOSS: Yeah, I guess it's that time. See if you can get something done about that though, if you would, please.

NURSE: I'll tell Mr. Corcoran when he comes around.

Moss goes down hall and catches up with Hegan, who is waiting for him.

CHARACTERS: Moss, an alcoholic. Hegan, an amputee. Reslick, a nurse. Leach, a doctor. Scheiner, a psychologist. Crangle, a character. Various aides. TIME: The Present Time. PLACE: A Hospital. • Presented with no interruptions for commercials.



HEGAN: That worked real good. What were you talking to her about?

MOSS: I just told her that the building was on fire.

HEGAN (*Unbelievably*): Ahhh, come on. What was it about?

MOSS: Yeah, really. She said she would make a note of it. Surely you realize by now that none of the staff ever listen to what a patient says. When they want us to do something, they talk to us like we're responsible, rational people but if we ask them for something, all of a sudden, we've turned into a bunch of nuts.

HEGAN: I remember the time . . . Oh, oh. Here comes Dr. Leach. He will give me a bad time for using this crutch.

MOSS: No sweat. Give it here.

*Moss takes crutch and tucks it under his arm and starts to swing along. Hegan limps along beside him.*

HEGAN: Good morning, Dr. Leach.

LEACH: Oh, good morning to you, ahhh . . .

HEGAN: Hegan.

LEACH: Yes, Hegan. You're walking on that artificial leg all the time now, aren't you?

HEGAN: Well, I've tried to, but it gets so sore . . .

LEACH: Naturally, Hegan, you're going to have some difficulty at first but I don't think that we're asking for very much when we expect you to have a little perseverance.

HEGAN: But, Doctor, I've . . .

LEACH: I don't see how we can help

you if you're not willing to help yourself. Take a few steps there and let me see how much you have learned. *Hegan takes a few steps, making an effort not to limp, while Leach and Moss watch.*

LEACH: What's that noise I hear? It sounds like it's coming from your leg.

MOSS: Oh no, that's me, Doc. I'm so nervous I keep bouncing this crutch on the floor.

*Moss bounces crutch's rubber tip on floor.*

LEACH: It sounded to me more like some kind of liquid . . .

MOSS: I've been jumpy ever since this morning. I got up and I had these bright flashes in front of my eyes and then this pain hit me right in the small of the back. What would cause something like that, Doc?

LEACH: Well, you'd better speak to your ward doctor about that.

MOSS: But you *are* my ward doctor.

LEACH: Oh. How long have you been on 3-B?

MOSS: This time I've been there about two months.

LEACH: Oh well, no wonder I didn't know you.

MOSS: Anyway, this pain started moving up to the base of my skull and then . . .

LEACH: I have to be going now. See me on this when I'm making ward rounds, okay?

*Leach hurries off.*

MOSS: Okay, Doc. (*To Hegan*) These docs get so sick of listening to

people's symptoms that they'll do almost anything to avoid hearing any more of them.

*Moss gives Hegan his crutch and they move off down the hall.*

HEGAN: Boy, that guy makes me mad. When I came in the hospital this time, I showed him this leg and he said, "It's been two years now and you say you still have some discomfort?" And I said, "Nah, I didn't say anything about discomfort. I said it hurts like hell."

MOSS: Yeah, that's pretty good. Your amputated leg hurts and so they send you to a psychologist. I suppose Scheiner tells you it's all in your head.

HEGAN: He doesn't come right out and say so but you can tell that's what he's thinking.

MOSS: What I like about these psychologists is somebody like you is sent to them and you tell him your leg hurts. He never considers whether your leg might really hurt, instead he looks at you and says, "Now what experience in this man's childhood could cause him to make a statement like that?"

HEGAN: Ahh, they're all nuts. You just have to humor them.

*DISSOLVE TO: INTERIOR. DR. SCHEINER'S OFFICE. The office is empty and the door is open. Moss and Hegan appear in doorway.*

HEGAN: He's not here yet. These doctors got a soft life.

MOSS: He just likes to be called Doc-



"Well now, Mr. Perkins, an atrophied muscle is one shrunk through lack of use."

"Watch them close, Ogg, the nasty things multiply."



tor, he's not really one. He's a psychologist and he's going to cure me of my alcoholism. I know he can do it because he's already cured me twice in the past five years.

*Hegan sits down heavily. Moss wanders restlessly around the office.*

HEGAN: Just walking from the ward to here has made this leg start throbbing.

MOSS: Dig that bottle out. A drink won't stop your leg from throbbing but after a while you'll enjoy the throbbing.

HEGAN: I'll tell you what makes me mad and that's being put there on 3-B. It's nothing but a nut ward. I mean, you know, you're all right and Smitty but some of those guys are out of their heads. Why you tell somebody you're from 3-B and they start looking for the strait jacket.

*Hegan has been unstrapping leg and gets out bottle and hands it to Moss.*

MOSS: Yeah, it's all part of the new plan. If you're not actually bleeding, then your troubles must be mental rather than physical, so they stick everybody on the same ward and send us all to the psychologist. Two years ago, it was group therapy, before that it was something else. *Moss takes large swig from bottle, hands it back to Hegan. Hegan takes drink.*

HEGAN: Uhhh, this stuff tastes terrible by itself.

MOSS: That's where we differ. It tastes good to me. Everything with alco-

hol in it tastes good. Maybe I'm not an alcoholic but just have unusual taste buds, do you suppose?

*Moss is wandering around the office. Behind the door, he finds a long white doctor's coat. He takes it off the hook and puts it on. Then he sits down behind desk.*

HEGAN: Hey, that's pretty good. Can you make your face twitch like Scheiner's does?

MOSS: I'm not nervous enough to be a psychologist. Give me another drink.

*Hegan hands him the bottle and Moss takes a drink.*

MOSS: Does this look like Scheiner's disgruntled bird act?

*Moss shrugs his shoulders and putting his head back, rubs the back of his neck against his collar while shaking his head back and forth.*

HEGAN: That's just like him. Now you ought to have his wife call him and chew him out and you say, "Yes, dear. If you say so, hon." And then you have to run to the bathroom.

MOSS: Right, and when I come back I say something nasty to you about your not really wanting to get better.

HEGAN: Yeah. You're a coward. You don't really try. You're afraid to walk on that leg. You want to be taken care of.

MOSS: He thinks if he gets you mad, you'll want to go out and lick your problems. The only thing he ever made me want to do was push his

face in. Finish that up so we can get rid of the bottle.

*Hegan takes bottle and empties it and looks around for some place to put it.*

HEGAN: What am I going to do with this? We can't just dump it in the wastebasket.

*Moss takes crumpled brown paper sack out of wastebasket and opens it.*

MOSS: Let me have it. I'll put it in here.

*There is a knock on the side of the open door and two aides appear. Moss moves so that he is standing behind desk.*

1ST AIDE: Excuse me, Doctor, but have you seen a patient named Crangle? He's supposed to be down at physical therapy only we can't find him. *Moss, surprised, just stares at aides.*

HEGAN: Look in the dirty laundry room. Crangle doesn't like PT and he hides in there whenever he gets a chance.

1ST AIDE: Oh, okay. Sorry to bother you, Doctor.

MOSS: That's all right. Say, if you're going by Dr. Leach's office, drop this sample off for me, will you?

*Moss hands 1st Aide the paper sack containing the empty bottle.*

1ST AIDE: Yes sir. I'll do that.

MOSS: I don't think he's there so just put it on his desk. And be careful with it. That's the only one I've got.

*Aides go out, 1st Aide carefully carrying paper sack.*



"I see a tall dark figure in your future, it's, it's . . . Smokey The Bear!"



"What I had in mind, Mrs. Murphy, when I said, 'Bend over and spread your cheeks,' was . . ."





HEGAN: What did you do that for?

MOSS: Well, we had to get rid of it.

Besides it'll give Leach something to think about. He's too wrapped up in that chesty nurse of his. Say, now that I'm a doctor, do you suppose they'll give me a nurse of my own?

HEGAN: Those aides are just new on this section. That's why they didn't know you from Scheiner.

MOSS: Well, I think I could do a better job than some we've got around here.

HEGAN: That Crangle is something, ain't he? He sure hates PT. How come he wears that mask and bandages and stuff?

MOSS: He's got some kind of a nervous condition and just scratches his face until it's all bleeding and sore unless they put those mittens on him.

HEGAN: Uhhahh. It's not nice of me but I just don't like being around him. I suppose I'm afraid that I bother other people the way he bothers me.

MOSS: Nah, you're not like him. Besides when Scheiner gets through with you, you'll be glad you lost that leg. I know that being around him has made me happy that I'm an alcoholic and not a psychologist.

HEGAN: Do you suppose that's why they hired him? To make us feel good in comparison?

MOSS: I wouldn't be surprised, after all if . . . There's Crangle out in the hall now.

*Crangle comes backing into room in wheelchair, pushing it with his feet since he has mittens on his hands, his face and head are covered with a mask and bandages.*

MOSS: What are you doing, Crangle? Hiding out from the aides?

HEGAN: I'd better go tell them he's in here.

MOSS: No, don't do that. Let them worry about finding him. Well, Mr. Crangle, you've come to Old Doc Moss to have your problems solved, haven't you?

*Crangle shakes head no.*

HEGAN: Hah, he knows better than that. Old Doc Moss would fix up his problems with old liquor. Seven year old scotch, six year old bourbon. *Crangle nods head yes.*

MOSS (Laughing): See, Crangle knows what's good for him. If they

would let me dispense that kind of medicine, I'd fix up everybody in the hospital. I might even be able to do Scheiner some good.

HEGAN: It'd be all right if you dispensed the stuff and didn't drink it all yourself. You know it wouldn't be very funny if Scheiner walked in on us right now.

MOSS: Ah, don't worry about it. I'm going to give this patient, who has come to me for aid and comfort, my best professional advice.

*Hegan has been strapping leg on again.*

HEGAN: I better keep an eye out in the hall for Scheiner.

MOSS: Mr. Crangle, your problem is very simple. You're over-sexed. You think about women all the time. Now, I think about women all the time, too, but that's all right because I'm a doctor. With you, it's not all right because you're a patient.

*Hegan gets up and starts for door.*

MOSS: When I have thoughts along this line, it's a normal outgrowth of my healthy, well-adjusted personality. When you think about women, you're encroaching on the province of the medical . . .

*Scheiner comes in door and bumps into Hegan. Scheiner is small, quick, nervous man.*

SCHEINER: What's going on here? (To Hegan) What are you doing?

HEGAN: I was just going down the hall to tell the aides that Crangle is here. They were looking for him.

*Hegan goes out.*

SCHEINER: And what do you think you're doing, Moss?

MOSS: Me? I was just explaining to Crangle here the nature of the traditional doctor-patient relationship.

*Scheiner moves around Crangle and faces Moss, who is still seated behind desk. Crangle backs up to give him room and keeps on going, right out the door.*

SCHEINER: Oh you were, were you? While wearing my coat! Moss I've had a lot of trouble with you. You've always acted as though you really know more than I do.

MOSS: That's true.

SCHEINER: What?!!

MOSS: That's the way I've acted all right.

SCHEINER: Well, I've had just about enough of your insolence. Your dis-



regard of authority. Your jokes, like pretending to be a doctor.

MOSS: I've never pretended to be a doctor, I just . . .

SCHEINER: You've got my coat on and you're sitting at my desk. I want you to stay right here in this office until I can get Dr. Harbison here and we can see about some sort of disciplinary action.

MOSS: Oh, come on, Doc, I haven't done anything. Take the psychological aspects . . .

SCHEINER: Don't tell me about psychology! Whatever I say to you, you want to argue. I never want to hear you argue with a member of the staff again!

MOSS: Even when they're wrong? Even when they say something stupid?

SCHEINER: That's just what I mean! You think you know more than anyone else. Did it ever occur to you that those of us that run this section have had some training in our work? Isn't it possible that even though you don't understand something, there may be a good reason for it?

MOSS: Sure, but sometimes anyone can tell that something is being done the wrong way.

*Scheiner is taking off his coat and tie and hanging them behind the door.*

SCHEINER: From now on, you just let us worry about how this hospital is run. Now give me my coat.

*Scheiner is standing in front of desk and Moss stands up to take off coat when the same two aides enter.*

1ST AIDE: One of the patients just told us that Crangle was here in your office, Doctor, so we came to pick him up.

SCHEINER: He was here a minute ago. Maybe he ducked out into the hall. Scheiner, after looking around office, starts to go between the two aides into the hall. Aides catch hold of him from either side.

SECOND AIDE: Where do you think you're going?

SCHEINER: Get your hands off me!

1ST AIDE: We've been chasing you all morning. Now don't give us any trouble.

SCHEINER: This is ridiculous! I'm Dr. Scheiner.

1ST AIDE: Sure you are and I'm the President of the United States. Now

let's go to PT.

SCHEINER: I don't know where you men are from that you don't know who I am but Moss will tell you. Moss, tell them they've got the wrong man!

MOSS: You want me to argue with a member of the staff?

*All this time the aides are trying to ease Scheiner toward the door and he is resisting them.*

SECOND AIDE: You're taking up everybody's time. Come on now.

SCHEINER: Ask him! Just ask him if I'm not a doctor!

1ST AIDE: If we ask him just this one question, will you stop fighting us?

SCHEINER: Yes! Tell the truth now, Moss!

1ST AIDE (To Moss): Is he a doctor?

MOSS: Well no, actually, but . . .

1ST AIDE: That's all we wanted to know. Let's get him out of here, Charlie.

*Aides forcibly start dragging Scheiner out.*

SCHEINER: Ask him if I'm a psychologist! Ask him that!

SECOND AIDE: Come on. We can't play games all day.

*Aides have to turn sideways to get struggling Scheiner through doorway.*

SCHEINER: Please fellas. I'm not a patient. Do I look to you like I've got something wrong with me?

SECOND AIDE: Yep.

*Aides drag Scheiner off down the hall. We hear Scheiner's voice retreating into the distance.*

SCHEINER: You guys are crazy! You'll get in trouble for this! You . . .

*Moss goes to door and watches them out of sight. Then he shrugs and takes off coat and hangs it behind door. He goes to bookshelf and looks over books, picks one out and goes over and sits on edge of desk and begins reading. Hegan sticks his head in the door and looks around office.*

HEGAN: Where's Scheiner?

MOSS: He went down the hall.

HEGAN: Was he mad?

*Moss is still reading in book.*

MOSS: Seemed to be.

HEGAN: I was sorry to cut out on you like that but I didn't see where it'd do any good for me to stay. Did he chew you out pretty bad?



"Remember, this time, remove the cardboard inserter."



"Blessed art thou amongst women, He's got the hots for ya."



"No dear, I don't know, what is necrophilia?"





MOSS: Oh, he tried but he doesn't really have any talent for it.

HEGAN: I just came by the tub room and they've got some guy in there and he's yelling and fighting the aides like a wild man. He must be new in here, I've never heard anybody carry on like that before.

MOSS: That's Scheiner.

HEGAN: Who?

MOSS: Scheiner.

HEGAN: Doctor Scheiner? In the tub room? What's he doing in there?

MOSS: Fighting and carrying on like a wild man, I guess.

HEGAN: But how did he get in there? Don't they know who he is?

MOSS: Well, they came in here looking for Crangle and of course he was gone so they took Scheiner instead. They were headed for PT but he must have given them so much trouble that they decided to quiet him down with one of those warm tub baths.

HEGAN: We better get down there and tell them they got the wrong guy!

MOSS: Hegan, just because you don't understand something doesn't mean there's not a good reason for it. Wiser heads than ours are running this hospital.

HEGAN: Come on, you know that Scheiner isn't supposed to be in one of those tubs. They think he's Crangle.

MOSS: To tell the truth, Hegan, I've just about despaired of education. For years I've been in and out of this hospital, giving an example of a civilized, tolerant, slightly alco-

holic way of life and what has it taught the staff? Nothing. None of them have even started drinking.

HEGAN: Well, I'm going to go down there and tell them they made a mistake. Are you going to come along?

MOSS: I am not. They won't even let you in the tub room unless you make a big fuss and then they'll just put you in the tub next to Scheiner's.

HEGAN: I'll get one of the other doctors then. Something's got to be done.

MOSS: You're being reasonable, Hegan. That'll only get you in trouble around here.

*Hegan goes out. Moss returns to book.*

*DISSOLVE TO: SAME OFFICE. SOME MINUTES LATER.*

*Moss is still reading when an aide appears at the door.*

AIDE: Hey, what ward are you on, buddy?

MOSS: 3-B.

AIDE: I got a patient out here in the hall who needs a push. Take him along when you go, okay?

MOSS: Sure.

*Moss goes to door and looks into hall. There is Scheiner in hospital pajamas, strapped into a wheel chair.*

AIDE: I was looking this guy up in the records and guess how old he is? Sixty-seven!

MOSS: No kidding! I wouldn't have guessed him much over fifty.

SCHNEIDER: I'm thirty-eight!

AIDE (*Ignoring Scheiner*): I guess

they don't age none after that old mind goes blank, huh?

MOSS: They must not.

AIDE: Well, wait here until I get a mask and bandages for him. The chart says he's supposed to wear them all the time.

*Aide goes down hall. Moss is standing in doorway.*

SCHNEIDER: Moss, come over here.

MOSS: I can't leave the office.

SCHNEIDER: Why not?

MOSS: You ordered me to stay in here until you could see about some disciplinary action.

SCHNEIDER: Forget that! Come here and let me loose.

*Moss walks over to Scheiner.*

MOSS: Doc, the way it is now, they just think you're crazy—confused, I mean, but if they catch me letting you loose, then they might think we're both out of it.

SCHNEIDER: Well, do something!

MOSS: I could get one of the other doctors here to identify you.

SCHNEIDER: Don't do that! If the other doctors found out about this, I'd be the laughing stock of the hospital.

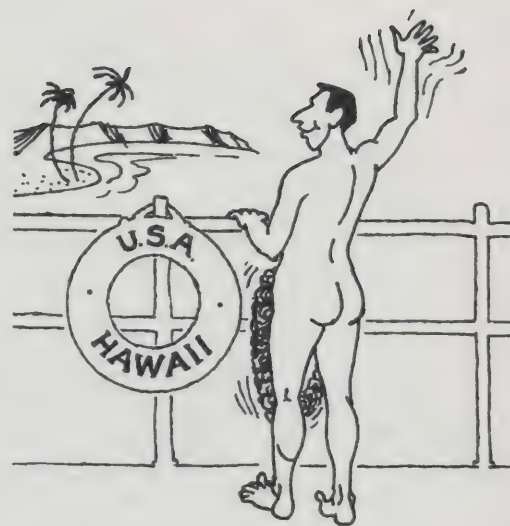
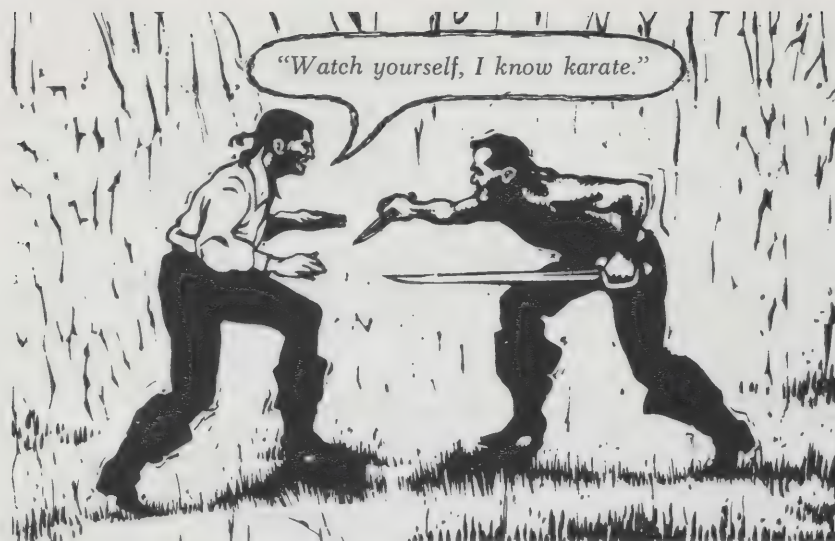
MOSS: I think Hegan went to find one of the staff doctors and bring him here.

SCHNEIDER: Oh, no! I'd rather do anything than have them find me like this. Think of something, Moss!

MOSS: Look, let the aide bandage you up and then I'll start pushing you toward the ward and when he's gone, I'll turn around and bring you back to your office and let you go, okay?

SCHNEIDER: I guess so. This has been





the most horrifying experience of my life. No matter what I said to those people, they just wouldn't listen.

MOSS: That's what I've been telling you for years, Doc.

SCHEINER: They can't even imagine that they might be wrong. And then they put me in that tub and told me to relax! The whole thing is idiotic!

MOSS: Doc, there hasn't been anything done to you that hasn't been done to hundreds of other people.

SCHEINER: But they're all patients! I'm a doctor.

MOSS: Oh boy, I can see you've learned a lot.

*Aide comes in and puts mask and bandages on Scheiner until only his eyes are showing. Then Moss starts pushing him down the hall and they bump into Hegan and Dr. Leach who come around the corner. Leach is carrying the brown paper sack.*

LEACH (To Hegan): I can't make head nor tail of this story you've been telling me. Is this the man here?

HEGAN: Yeah, that's Dr. Scheiner there in the wheel chair. They've got him tied in.

LEACH: It looks like Crangle to me.

HEGAN: That's what the aides thought. That's why they made the mistake.

LEACH: The whole thing seems incredible to me. (To Moss) Is that Dr. Scheiner there?

MOSS: What would Dr. Scheiner be doing wrapped up like this?

HEGAN: What are you trying to do, Moss? Ask the guy in the chair, Dr. Leach.

LEACH (To Scheiner): What's your name?

MOSS: He's got a mask across his mouth, Doc. Ask him so he can answer by shaking his head.

LEACH: Oh yes. Is that you, Scheiner? *Scheiner shakes head no.*

HEGAN: What is this?

LEACH: Is your name Crangle? *Scheiner nods head yes.*

HEGAN: Well, I'll be a son-of-a-gun.

*Hegan is staring dumbfounded at Scheiner. Leach slowly turns and looks accusingly at Hegan. Moss looks at him with a superior, pitying expression.*

LEACH: Is this your idea of a joke? If you really can't distinguish between your aggressive fantasies concerning Dr. Scheiner and reality, perhaps you need some treatment.

*Moss gives chair sudden push so chair arm knocks sack out of Leach's hand. It falls on floor and bottle goes skidding across floor without breaking.*

MOSS: Hold still, Crangle! Look what you've done now.

LEACH: This has been an odd morning. I found this on the desk in my office. I don't understand it.

*Moss picks up bottle.*

MOSS: Vodka, huh? How was it?

LEACH: Oh, I didn't drink it.

MOSS: The stuff evaporated, huh?

LEACH: The bottle was empty when I found it!

MOSS (Skeptically): Oh yeah?

*Moss puts bottle back in bag.*

MOSS: Hegan and I would never give you away, Doc, but you do know that there's a hospital rule against

having even an empty bottle, don't you?

LEACH: Why that's preposterous!

MOSS: Doctor Leach! I know you wouldn't say such things about hospital regulations if you were your normal self but try to be more careful. Somebody might hear you.

LEACH: My normal self! I haven't had a thing to drink!

MOSS: Okay, let's see you walk a straight line then. Start right there and follow . . .

LEACH: You're telling me to walk a straight line? I won't do anything of the sort! This whole thing is the silliest thing I ever heard of.

MOSS: That's the wisest choice, Doc. If you don't think you can do it, it's best not to try. But don't worry, I'm not going to say anything to anybody about this. You won't either, will you, Hegan?

HEGAN: Well . . .

MOSS: Come on, Hegan. You know that when you're on the outside, you like a nip yourself, now and then. Give the doc a break.

LEACH: I don't have to prove anything to you people!

HEGAN: You're right, Doc, and I'm not going to say anything about this. What's walking a straight line prove? I think you're the kind of guy who could walk a straight line no matter how much you've had to drink. *Scheiner is shaking with laughter and making choking noises behind his mask.*

LEACH: What's the matter with Crangle? Is he laughing?

MOSS: Oh no, sir. He gets like this



sometimes. Well, I'll get rid of this bottle for you by putting it in Dr. Scheiner's office. If it was left for you by mistake, maybe it was intended for Dr. Scheiner.

*Scheiner stops laughing and makes protesting noises. Moss ignores him and goes and puts bottle in office.*

LEACH: They were looking for Crangle on the ward when I left so I'll take him back with me.

*Leach starts pushing Scheiner towards ward.*

MOSS: That's okay, Doc. I'll push him.

LEACH: It's no problem. I've got him.

*Hegan has dropped back and picked up his crutch from Scheiner's office. Moss is trying to take Scheiner away from Leach.*

MOSS: I'm used to this, Doc. Let me do it.

LEACH: I'm quite capable of getting him there.

*Moss gives up and drops back with Hegan who is limping along some distance behind.*

HEGAN: Who is that in the wheel chair?

MOSS: That's Scheiner.

HEGAN: I could tell by the eyes that it wasn't Crangle. Why did he lie to Leach?

MOSS: He figured it would ruin his professional reputation to be caught like that.

HEGAN: Great! There I am trying to help him and he pretends to be Crangle and I'm left looking like some kind of nut. The little rat!

MOSS: You're lucky I'm not the kind of guy who would ever tell a buddy,

'I told you so.'

HEGAN: Yeah, I'm sure lucky you're not that kind of guy.

MOSS: You know, you see something like this and you have to wonder. Do you suppose that years ago, the original Crangle disappeared and the aides just grabbed some innocent bystander without realizing it and have kept him in Crangle's place ever since?

HEGAN: Might be. Who would ever know?

DISSOLVE TO: HALLWAY OF WARD 3-B.

*Leach is pushing Scheiner in chair. He stops and waits for Moss and Hegan to catch up with him.*

LEACH: I have to finish ward rounds. Tell them at the nurses' station that Crangle is here, will you?

MOSS: Sure.

*Leach goes off. Moss takes hold of chair and turns it around in direction they just came from.*

MOSS: Now is our chance to get away. Mrs. Reslick appears and comes toward them.

RESLICK: Mr. Moss!

*Moss keeps going and Hegan gets in front of Reslick.*

HEGAN: Mrs. Reslick, I wanted to ask you . . .

*Reslick shoves Hegan to one side.*

RESLICK (Bellowing): Moss!

*Moss freezes in tracks and slowly turns to face Reslick.*

RESLICK: Mr. Moss, where do you think you're going?

MOSS: I picked up the wrong guy by mistake at PT and I was just going

to take him back.

*Moss tries to get away with Scheiner.*

RESLICK: What do you mean? That's Mr. Crangle there.

MOSS: No, this isn't Crangle.

HEGAN: No, that's not Crangle. You better put him back where you found him, Moss.

RESLICK: Ohh, you two! Who would it be if it's not Mr. Crangle?

MOSS: Uhh, well . . . I'm sure he's not a patient from this ward.

RESLICK: Ohhww. Why did you hide from them at PT today, Mr. Crangle? They called here looking for you.

*Scheiner mumbles something. Moss leans forward to listen.*

MOSS: He says you've got it all wrong. He's Dr. Scheiner.

RESLICK: Mr. Crangle! Are you confused again? Your name is Crangle now, isn't it?

*Scheiner shakes head no.*

RESLICK: Oh, for goodness sakes. Well, you'll feel better after you've had your lunch.

MOSS: Do they still tube feed him his egg nog?

*Scheiner slowly and unbelievably shakes head no.*

RESLICK: Yes, and afterwards he'll get a nice enema.

*Scheiner vigorously shakes head no.*

RESLICK (Calling down the hall): Mr. Martin. Mr. Farrow. Time for Mr. Crangle's lunch.

MOSS: Mrs. Reslick, let me take off his mask here and you can . . .

RESLICK: Mr. Moss! Don't touch that! That mask is there for a purpose.

MOSS: But just suppose this is Dr.



"Which one of you quitters is next?"



Scheiner. Will you take the responsibility?

RESLICK: Yes, Mr. Moss. Now, you've had your joke so try to remember that we're busy here.

*Two aides appear and start to wheel Scheiner away.*

RESLICK: Mister Hegan! What are you doing with that crutch?

HEGAN: Oh, I'm just carrying it for this fellow here.

*Hegan sticks crutch into chair alongside Scheiner. Aides wheel him away.*

RESLICK: Did you two make it to your appointment this morning?

MOSS: Well, we got to Scheiner's office on time.

RESLICK: That's good. What did he have to say to you?

HEGAN: Yeah, Moss, what did Scheiner say this morning?

MOSS: Help.

RESLICK: What?

MOSS: That's what he said, — Help!

RESLICK: Mr. Moss, I don't want you making jokes about Dr. Scheiner any more. He's trying to help you with your problems.

MOSS: He's got problems of his own, that make mine look sick.

RESLICK: He does not!

MOSS: Oh yeah? Let's ask him. We'll . . . Look out!

*Moss grabs nurse and they jump aside as Scheiner comes sprinting up the hall, crutch under arm like battering ram, robe flying, face still bandaged. Aides are in single file pursuing.*

HEGAN: Boy, that must have been some

egg nog.

*They jump back against the wall as Scheiner goes by the other way, aides still following.*

RESLICK: Don't just stand there. Catch him! Hold him!

MOSS: Not me. I don't want him.

HEGAN: Looks like good therapy to me.  
*Dr. Leach appears and confronts them.*

LEACH: What is going on here? Don't you patients know better than to make so much noise?

RESLICK: It's one of the patients, Doctor. He's gone wild.

LEACH: What patient?

MOSS: Right behind you, Doc.

*Leach turns around just in time to be bowled over by Scheiner. The aides trip and sprawl over Leach. Nurse chases Scheiner shouting, 'Mr. Crangle, Mr. Crangle.' Aides bounce up, one after the other, and continue the pursuit. Moss and Hegan help Leach up.*

LEACH (Unbelievably): That was Crangle?

HEGAN: Active for an old coot, ain't he?  
*Leach is looking down hall. Now he spreads his arms to block way of returning group. Moss and Hegan get out of way.*

LEACH: Crangle, let's stop this now.  
*Scheiner bowls Leach over again. Aides again trip over Leach, bounce up, and continue pursuit. Nurse comes puffing up and helps Leach to his feet.*

RESLICK: Oh dear. I don't think we are ever going to catch him.

*Nurse puffs off saying, 'Mr. Crangle,*

*Mr. Crangle.'*

*Leach follows, trotting.*

LEACH: Here now. Let's stop this.

*Camera remains on Moss and Hegan who are leaning against the wall, looking down the hall.*

HEGAN: I should get Smitty and some of the others. They wouldn't want to miss this.

*Crangle comes up behind them.*

MOSS: Hey, here's Crangle. Pull over, Crangle, and watch the show. It's dangerous out there in the middle of the hall.

*Crangle backs his wheel chair up against the wall and all three stare down the hall.*

HEGAN: Well, you can't say it's dull around here.

*Camera remains on the three of them as they watch as Scheiner runs by followed closely by the aides and Reslick and Leach trailing.*

MOSS: What kind of experience do you suppose Scheiner had as a child to make him dislike tube feeding so much?

*All of them are staring down the hall.*

HEGAN: I don't know. I sure would like to see Leach in the same sort of fix though. Do you suppose we could fix him up like we did Scheiner?

MOSS: I don't know why not if we can get Crangle to help us. What about it, Crangle?

*Crangle enthusiastically nods head yes.*

MOSS: Okay, we'll see what we can do tomorrow. We . . . Oh, oh. Here they come again.

END

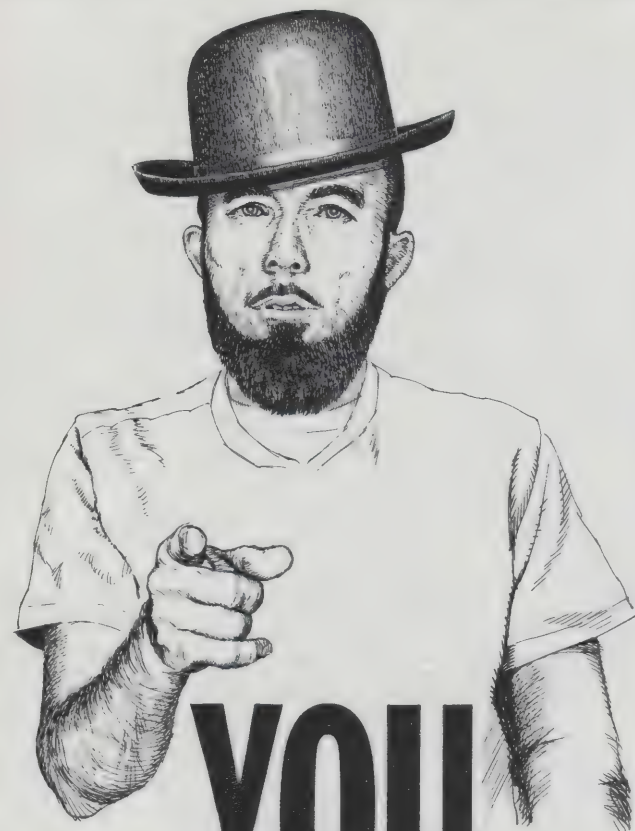


"No, you kiss my elephant."



"Who ever heard of a goosey center!"





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**ain't woman enough**  
**to satisfy Bob Dunker**

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■ Wanted: Artist needs nude female models. Pay in cash or portraits. Write for interview. Bob Dunker, P.O. Box 361, Hermosa Beach, Cal. 90254

■ Mailed in plain wrappers! Yes, the name Horseshit, appealing though it is, never appears on our mailing wrappers or envelopes. All correspondence should be modestly addressed to: Scum Publishing - Box 361, Hermosa Beach, Cal. 90254



## Ode To Hermosa Beach



Where else the many girls with ball bearing behinds  
 Beautifully bikinied backsides  
 Bathing suited bottoms  
 The land of the daring derriere  
 The more than skin tight stretch pants  
 Home of Capris that define the mound of Venus  
 Shorts that show the outline of panties  
 Leotards that delineate the curve of cheeks  
 Suits that reveal honey hipped dimples

More! More! More!

Oh lovely assed babes  
 Oh sweet pants lovelies  
 Twitch, wiggle, bounce, leap forever!

Let us have more jounce and jiggle  
 Ungirdled sway and swivel  
 Give us hips and thighs and butts  
 That bulge and curve and thrust.  
 Beautiful!

From the perky buttocks of the twelve year olds,  
 Deliver us.

From the awful dangers of sixteen year old fannies,  
 Protect us in this our hour of need.

And let us be delivered to the safe land of eighteen and beyond,  
 There to pinch, pet, prod and play to our hearts' content.

Prats, bums, rears, sitters? These are no terms  
 To define those noble swellings of flesh.  
 Rather let them be defined by appreciative masculine hands.







Whores have to sing,  
They have to sigh,  
They have to make their bodies lie,  
But not we wives.  
Gobble and eat, Gobble and eat,  
He must bring home the meat.

WIVES'  
SONG

Single girls must smile,  
Save their money,  
Pretend he's funny,  
And dress so very very neat,  
But not we wives.  
Gobble and eat, Gobble and eat,  
Take his pay and let him bleat.



Little girls play it cute,  
Kiss and hug,  
The smelly lug,  
While they plead for coins,  
But not we wives.  
Gobble and eat, Gobble and eat,  
Divorce law will make him retreat.

Wives,  
We grow fat,  
Punish him!

Wives,  
We grow old,  
Punish him!

Wives,  
Punish him,

Punish him,

Punish him...



WHORES'  
SONG



The man I like has pockets filled with coin,  
Set to jingling by his agitated groin.  
Hear that sweet sound of money?  
Here comes my honey.

He's got kids so noisy and a wife so sloppy,  
He'll tell me his troubles and I'll make him hoppy.  
She don't want him, he's no good to her.  
Come to me, daddy. I'll give you fur.

See that bachelor, comin' in the bar?  
He's got a job and a brand new car.  
So the girls he knows all act flirty,  
Later he'll find they think it's dirty.  
Then he's mine, all mine.

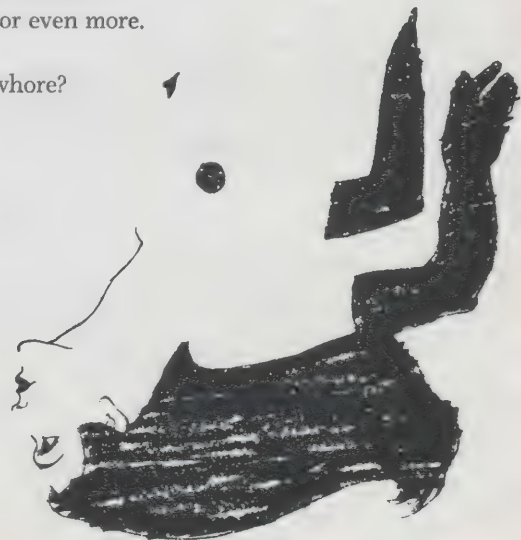
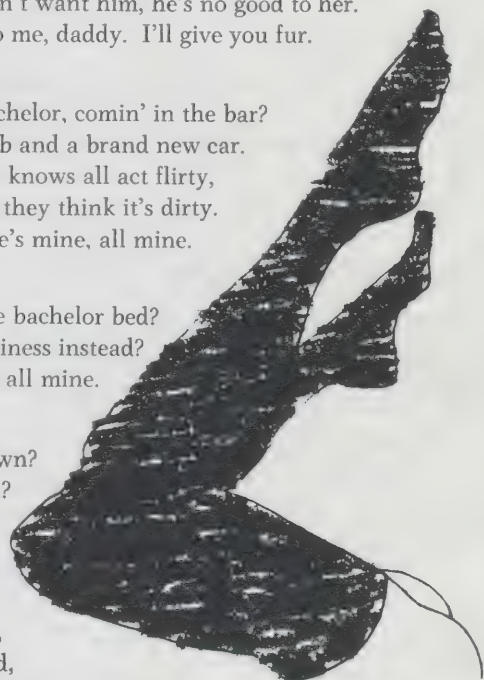
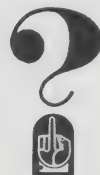
Goes he home to bare bachelor bed?  
Having no love; loneliness instead?  
Then he's mine, all mine.

All he gets from his girl is a frown?  
Or is she perhaps out of town?  
Then he's mine, all mine.

All men give their lives  
To their sweethearts and wives,  
But in return, even if they plead,  
They don't get the kind of loving they need.

So they come to me  
And I give them as much  
As they give me or even more.

Now who's the whore?







Yes, we do. We have some helpful suggestions for state legislators. Now, we know that in the South a man gets elected to the legislature by convincing the voters that he hates niggers as much as they do. In the rest of the country, a man gets elected by convincing the voters that he is as anti-sexual as they are. He commits himself to supporting any bill that harasses people who are trying to enjoy themselves. So the law treats the sexually free as the niggers of the north.

Among the hundreds of anti-sexual laws, the most ingeniously worded is the one on statutory rape. Now, the very essence of rape is the use of force. Since no force is involved in statutory rape, there is no rape. Why didn't the legislators use a correct name for their law when they made it illegal to screw a girl under a certain age? Because they weren't interested in defining a crime but were involved in rabble-rousing. By falsely labeling a mutually agreed upon act as rape, they hope to inflame juries enough that they will send honest men to prison for longer terms than habitual criminals get for real crimes.

The ordinary jury member just could not be persuaded to imprison a man for sleeping with a seventeen-year old girl if she testifies that she gave her willing, even enthusiastic, assent. So the lawmakers pretend that the girl is too young to know what she is doing. Too young! She's been menstruating for seven years now and she has friends

of her own age who are married and have children! But the legislators aren't interested in the plain facts; they call it rape with that word's overtones of violence and brutality and thus seek a savage, anti-sexual vengeance rather than justice.

But why stop there? If all you have to do, to make something that is no crime, into a serious crime, is call it by the name of a real crime, why stop with statutory rape? Let's stop all fighting among young people by having statutory murder. Kids have been killed in fights in the past so let's protect them from the possibility by locking them up in a reformatory. As for the adult who gets into a fight with a kid under eighteen (21 in some states) and then argues that the kid is bigger than he is, that the kid started the fight, that the kid won the fight, that the kid wasn't injured in any way, and that the kid claimed he was old enough and showed him false ID; such a man is dangerous. Lock him up and charge him with statutory murder.

The possibilities are endless. The people who think that liquor is deadly can introduce bills that would make selling liquor to minors into statutory poisoning. Banks could push for laws that make writing checks for more than is in one's account into statutory counterfeiting. And what a break this will be for the groups opposed to Coca-Cola, dancing, movies and such, and who have had trouble in getting

others to take them seriously in the past. They can call such things statutory crimes against nature. Hell, they can call them anything they like. Put a little pressure on the members of the legislature and they'll solemnly label any action as being statutory lynching or whatever some ape-head wants to call it.

Would such new laws have much effect? Well, during a typical year, there are four men convicted of statutory rape for every one man convicted of forcible rape. That's pretty good. Even the church-goers in the legislature ought to be satisfied with a law that sends four innocent men to prison for every guilty one. But then again, maybe not. Many of them haven't been happy since crucifixion dropped out of favor.

One last suggestion which is certain to be most popular with the lawmakers. It must be obvious, even to a cretin, possibly even to a state legislator, that the man who questions the honesty of the legislature is more dangerous than the man who merely breaks the law. When such a critic asserts that the lawmakers are the weak-faced tools of the sickest part of society, when he claims that their laws are often deliberate lies and they are liars, when he says that they are using their positions to spew liquid shit on common sense and common justice; then he must be trying to undermine the high dignity of the legislature. Shouldn't he be hauled into court and charged with statutory treason?

## STATUTORY SUGGESTIONS





Support your local County Clerk • Support your Dead Animal Pickup



■ Your local police need your support, now! Not just in the South but everywhere in America! Right in your home town! Right this minute there are people with no respect for law and order on the streets! Some of them are out after curfew! They're not just hoodlums but all sorts of weirdos yelling about rights and unjust laws! Coeds from decent homes who refuse to obey direct orders from their deans! Arrest them! There's a sick night club comic who spouts obscenities in front of a mixed audience! Get him! Get the motherfucker! Look over there! They've got one of those bastards who publish dirty books! Let me at him! What's that? Free speech? I'll give you free speech, you filthy cocksucker! Take that! My God, they're all around us! Look at 'em all! Call girls! College students! Radicals! Teen-agers! People who don't own property! Some of 'em don't even have regular jobs! Get 'em! Smash 'em! The dirty swine don't even go to church! What's that? A jewelry store is being robbed? Don't bother me! We don't even have enough officers to watch the men's room in the Y and you want me to worry about robberies! Don't just sit there at home! Grab a club! A broom handle! Anything! Get out here and help us!



Support your local Social Worker • Support your Geological Survey

Support your Sewage Plant • Support your local Selective Service



**SUPPORT YOUR LOCO POLICE**



Support your loco police, who enforce the prejudices of some people by violating the rights of others.

Support your Weather Bureau • Support your local Registrar of Voters



# LETTERS

READERS SEND THEIR PROBLEMS AND WE GIVE HORSESHIT ADVICE

As a service to our readers, the editors of Horseshit have engaged a varied panel of experts —priests, ministers, lawyers, doctors, etc.— so as to be able to give authoritative advice on any subject.

**Q:** I am in the Air Force and according to the most exacting tests, I am the perfect man to be an astronaut. My superiors have assigned me to the space program and soon I am to go on a lunar probe. My problem is that even though I have complete faith in my superiors and the Air Force, still I'm scared shitless.

R. E. L., Cape Kennedy, Fla.

**A:** Don't worry about it. That'll come in handy on long trips.

M. L. Zockie, M.D., BVD

**Q:** How many times is it permissible for a Catholic to shake his penis after urinating, before he is in danger of sin?

R. C., South Bend, Ind.

**A:** According to the tenets of the Church, all possible occasions of sin must be avoided. Therefore it is the prudent course to avoid any shaking at all. Certainly it is better to stain one's underwear than to stain one's immortal soul. In the *Moralum Consideratum* of DeMalorca the opinion is advanced that anything less than five shakes could be considered as a hygienic

measure and therefore at most a venial sin while five or more shakes would be so excessive as to amount to masturbation and would certainly be gravely sinful. Counterbalancing his opinion we have the example of St. Ambrose of Villanova who wrapped his lower body in burlap and refused to undo the fastenings even for the natural body functions for fear of being tempted to lustful actions. He died in great sanctity and covered with a green mold in 1642. You might take him as your example, not to the extent of burlap wrappings, but when tempted to too frequent urination; an evil, due to the exposure of those parts God wants hidden, about which modern youth has not sufficiently been warned. Pray to St. Ambrose and avoid shaking.

Father Clement, S. O. B.

**Q:** I like a clean-shaven girl but my girl-friend has a heavy growth and the stubble irritates my face. What to do?

N. D., Marion, Ohio.

**A:** Grow a beard in self defense.

M. L. Zockie, M.D., BVD

These questions were directed to Pamela Andrews, our adviser to girls and women.



Pamela Andrews

Dear Pam:

I am a girl with just an average figure, if you know what I mean. So when I met this absolutely dreamy fellow and he asked me to go bowling with him, I decided to help nature along. I wore a tight sweater and thought that I was really making an impression on him. However he took me right home and didn't try to kiss me. When he didn't call me again I was heartbroken and then I learned through a mutual friend that he doesn't like girls with such outstanding curves. What can I do to get him back?

Not so gay Deceiver.

Dear Deceiver:

The only thing to do is to go to him, explain the deception, remove your blouse and hope that he is willing to forgive and forget.

Dear Pamela:

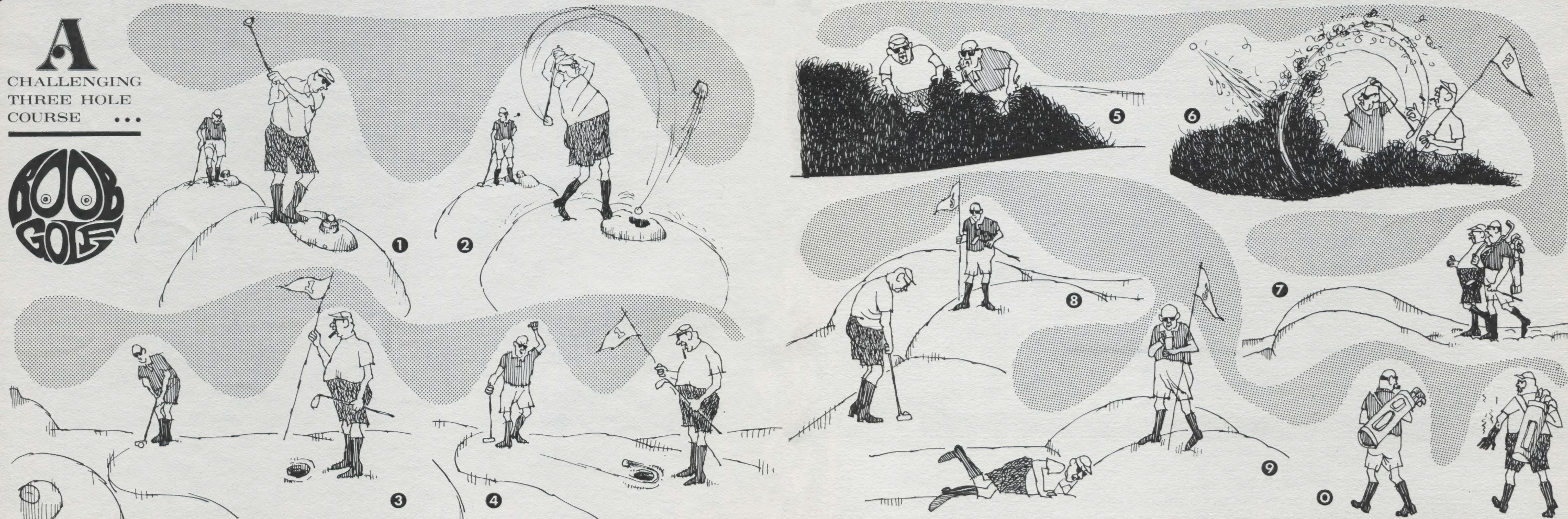
My problem is of such an intimate nature that I hate to discuss it with a stranger but I simply don't know where else to turn for advice. I am a twenty-four year old married woman and after five years of marriage I think I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

About six months ago while my husband was performing his marital duty, I suddenly felt a distinct twinge in the pelvic region. I am not easily alarmed so I dismissed the thought that it might be a symptom of some fatal disease. But the very next month when my husband again was engaged in the marriage act, I felt an even stronger sensation. It was a totally unfamiliar feeling, not at all like the painful

feelings I had during our first month of marriage. I was deeply worried but I hesitated to say anything to anyone so the following month I just refused my husband on the night I usually indulge him, hoping that whatever it was would clear up by itself. With some misgivings, I let my husband have his way with me the next month. Maybe he was more ardent than usual but anyway before I knew it I was gasping for breath! "I'm having a heart attack!" I screamed at my husband. Even then I had to push him away from me. (He's always been very inconsiderate). By the time the doctor arrived, I was feeling more normal and he couldn't find anything wrong with me.

The next day I called my mother as I always do and told her everything. Mama knows about every kind of illness since she has had most of them herself and still suffers all the time from

## A CHALLENGING THREE HOLE COURSE ...





a number of conditions that are so serious they keep her from doing housework. When I described my symptoms to her, Mama said she had never heard of anything like it. Then she took me to our old family doctor and he gave me a complete examination and his tests failed to find out what was wrong. Mama got very worried when we heard this as she has had this problem herself and she pointed out how serious my condition must be if the doctors can't even find out what's wrong. When I was telling the doctor what had happened, he asked me if I had moved during the marital act or done something to injure myself? I assured him that I always lay perfectly still and I didn't see how I could have hurt myself. He was completely baffled and said that among all the married women he had treated, he had never had a case like this before. He thought maybe we had been overindulging in doing the marital act every month and told me that twice a year was plenty for people who had been married as long as we had.

I told my husband what the doctor said and he grumbled but agreed to wait six months before we tried it again. Then a few weeks later it happened! I had taken a sleeping pill (my condition has been making me more and more nervous) and so I half woke up in a daze to find my husband on top of me! I couldn't believe it! Even if it wasn't for my condition, it wasn't our regular night! I started to scream but somehow I didn't have the strength. I felt myself getting weaker and weaker as though all my strength had turned to water. Then I knew I was dying! My heart was pounding and each breath felt like it was to be my last one. My head was so light I couldn't think and then I could feel my muscles tensing down below and then all at once they all relaxed and I only had time to say, "Goodbye, cruel world" and the next thing I thought I was in heaven and I wished I could go back and forgive my husband even though he had killed me.

When I recovered from this seizure, I was still too weak to really tell my husband what I thought of his behaviour so I just made him sleep on the couch. The next day I went to a specialist but his examination didn't reveal anything either. What's more, he was a European and I couldn't even seem to make him understand what my problem was. You'd think these people would try to learn English better before they tried to practice medicine.

Anyway, I was worried sick. I kept remembering a boy in our neighborhood who had fits. Was that what was happening to me?



By this time, Mama had been discussing my problem with only a very few of her closest friends, all in strict confidence, but somehow the story had gotten out and my friends started giving me funny looks and dropping over in the afternoons for private little talks. I was so desperate I asked them about my problem. I thought maybe one of my married friends had had a similar problem but none of them had ever felt anything like it. They all thought I was talking about painful feelings and when I explained that what I felt didn't really hurt, they couldn't grasp it at all. Most of them felt that my problem was in having too much sex and I was surprised to learn that more than half of them had stopped having relations with their husbands altogether. Several of them asked me what I did while my husband was indulging himself and when I told them that I didn't do anything, they couldn't believe it. One of my friends said to me that it was no wonder I was having problems if I was just laying there without

anything to occupy my mind and she said that she always did her fingernails while her husband was at it. Several others advised me to keep something to read on the bedside table so I'd have something to pass the time on those nights when I wasn't able to discourage him.

Then a few weeks ago it happened. I couldn't sleep one night and I asked my husband to rub my back. As he did so, I could feel that he was getting excited. (He has practically no self-control). I started to act cold and distant as always to stop him but somehow that terrible weakness had come over me and I must not have been very convincing. He started to force me and I said no but I didn't really stop him by giving him a knee in the groin as I have been forced to do in the past. Once he had started and I realized it was inevitable, I remembered that I had put a copy of **Passionate Romances** on the bedside stand so as to have something to read at times like this but I found I didn't have the strength to reach for it. So it happened again, only worse than before.

My symptoms are growing worse but still the doctors can't find what is wrong. My friends are no help. What can it be? I think about it day and night, in fact, I have to take cold showers to stop thinking about it. Please tell me, what is wrong with me?

Troubled Housewife.

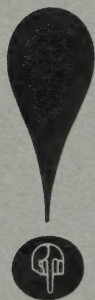
Dear Housewife,

Have courage! Your problem is not so rare as you think. It is a nervous condition caused by the overwhelming drudgery of housework which wives have to do while their husbands are relaxing in their air-conditioned offices. I was troubled for a brief while by this problem myself when I was younger. Then I started saying my prayers out loud while my husband was engaged in his gross pleasure. In an amazingly short time, he stopped making excessive demands upon me and I no longer was troubled with peculiar sensations. Self-control is the most important quality a wife can have, as my present husband can testify. Pray for self-control! And pray out loud!

Your friend,  
Pamela Andrews







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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS

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(Well, they're important to us)

*Do not* send us any manuscripts or artwork. We don't have enough room to get our own stuff in.

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Acknowledgement: Thanks to Gordon T. Gordon and Mike Niese for their assistance.

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Quantity prices: Five or more copies of this issue, only \$1<sup>60</sup> a copy.

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Subscriptions: It's taken us a shamefully long time to put out this first issue of *Horseshit*, so we can't say for sure when the next issue will be out. Therefore we can't accept subscriptions. But there will be future issues, so send us your name and address and we'll let you know when *Horseshit* no. 2 comes off the press. In issue no. 2, we hope to start a series on the great names in American finance — Getty, Spellman, Murchison, Cushing, etc. Also, there'll be lots of great drawings and clever writing, if we get a new artist and a new writer, otherwise there'll be more of this same stuff. Reserve your copy today!

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